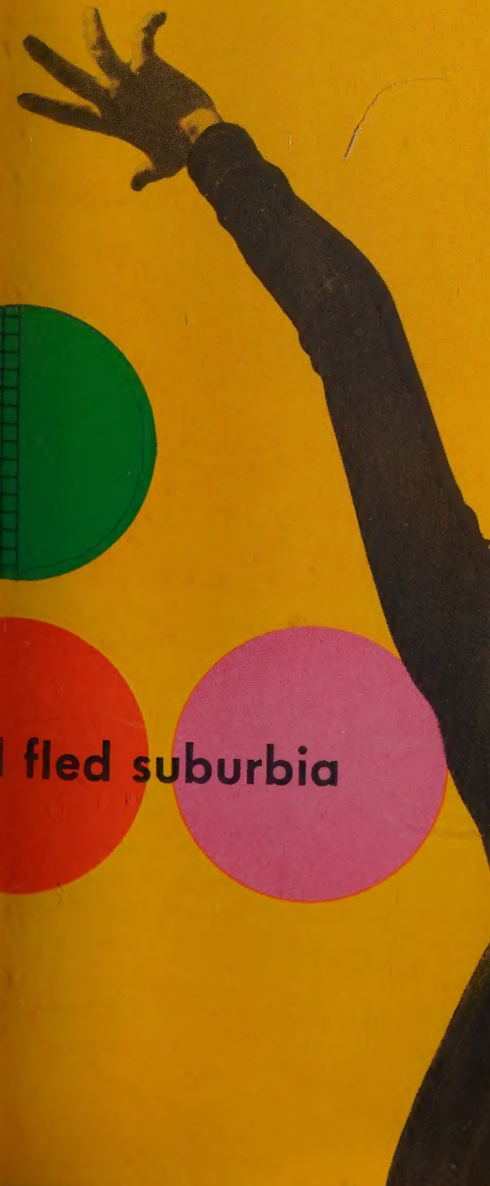
Illinois U. Library

Chicago magazine

Hot times in the old town

Souvenirs of past conventions

Arvey; engineer of the new machine

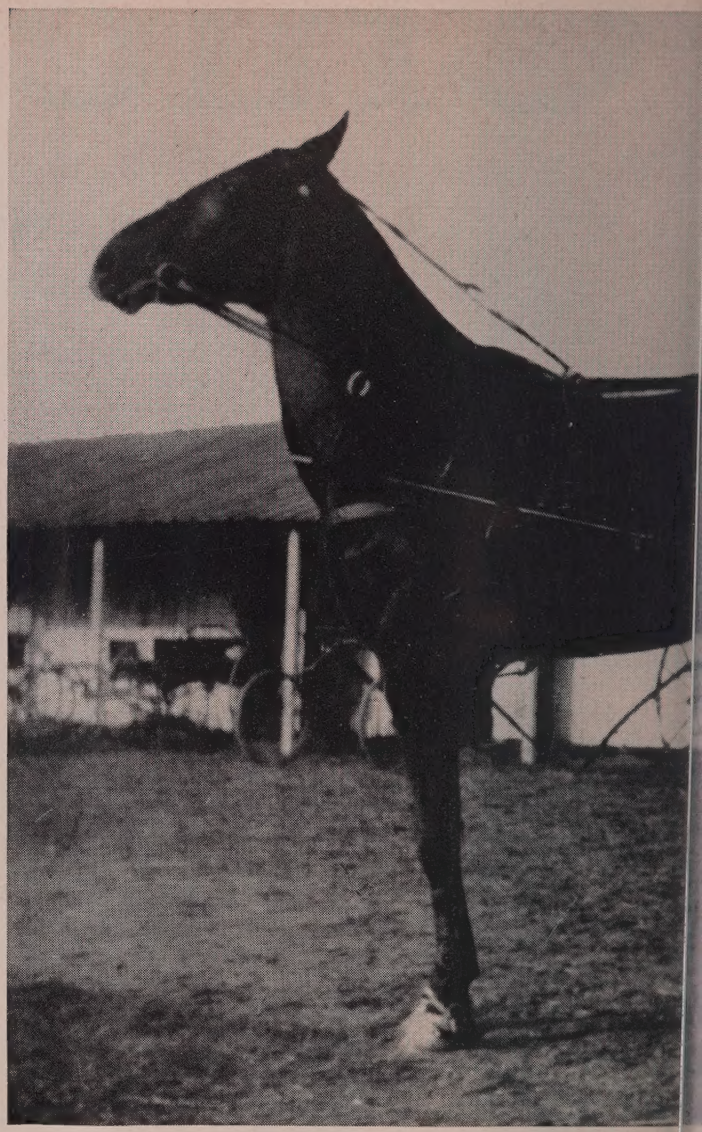


35¢

july-august/19

fled suburbia

HARVEY FIRESTONE'S FIRST BANK LOAN



How a great American busine

It was an old rubber factory on Wabash Avenue near Harrison. But the two young business partners, who thought they saw a promising future in buggy tires, decided to buy it with their savings. So, late in the 1890's, the building became the Firestone-Victor Rubber Company.

The partners got off to a good start, and when a more modern plant nearby became available, one of them set out to get help from a bank for the purchase.

Later on, Harvey Firestone used to tell about this attempt at getting a loan.

At the first bank he visited, the officer listened silently as Firestone talked at length of his plans—then turned down the request. Up to this point, Firestone had been reluctant to try a large bank because hi such a small company. But now he gathered u determination and went to a bigger bank he had l much about. And there he talked with a young le officer named Frank Wetmore.

No silent treatment at *this* bank. The officer sur him with very direct questions about the bus Here was a banker who seemed interested and inf about rubber; he even pointed out some flaws i financial management of the company. But he the interview by lending Firestone the $10,0 needed.

The name of the bank was The First National of Chicago.

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FDR's first nomination *page 36*

Chicago

july-august 1956

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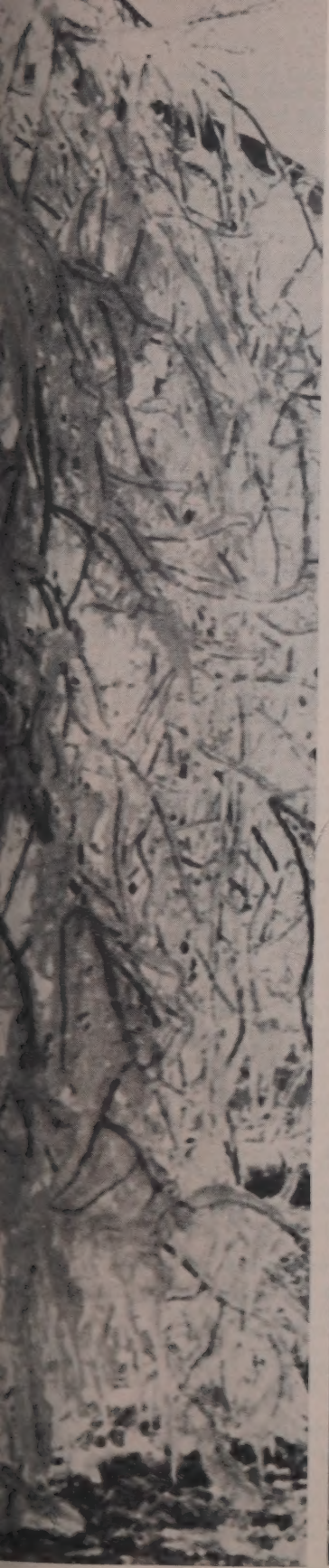
these pictures of Montrose beach were, of course, taken in the winter, but somehow they look even better during the summer.

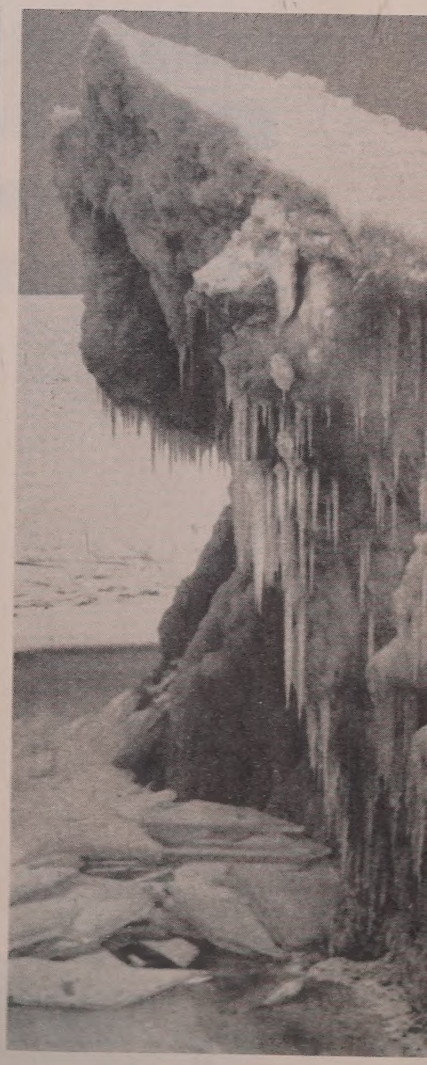
ice on the rocks

the shoreline is both rugged and smooth

photographs by John Hendry, jr.



spray gilds the branches of trees near the beach



a fresh water iceberg .

what goes on here

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

special events

● Ravinia Festival. Ravinia park, Green Bay rd., Highland Park (ST 2-9696). The traditional outdoor summer music program expands this season to offer art, movies, jazz and ballet. Work of 25 local artists and sculptors is on view thruout the season at the Casino. William Steinberg conducting the Chicago Symphony orchestra. Aug. 1, movies: *The 39 Steps, Never Give a Sucker an Even Break* (W. C. Fields) and Mr. Magoo cartoon. Aug. 2, Verdi's *Requiem,* Frances Yeend, Regina Resnick, Jan Peerce, Nicola Moscana & Northwestern university chorus. Aug. 3, Aaron Rosand, violinist. Aug. 4, Walter Gieseking, pianist. Aug. 5, orchestra, Steinberg conducting. Aug. 6-11, Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Alicia Alonso & Igor Youskevitch. Weeknights at 8:30, Sun. at 4.

● All-American & World Championship golf tournaments. Tam O'Shanter C. C., Howard & Caldwell, Niles (ST 2-7485). Aug. 2-12.

● American Legion state convention parade (HA 7-5252). The whole shebang goes down Michigan ave. Aug. 5, 2 p.m.

● All-Star football game. Soldier field, Lake Shore dr. & 14th st. (HA 7-5252). Cleveland Browns vs. College All-Stars. Aug. 10, 8:30 p.m.

● White Sox-Cubs boys' benefit baseball game. Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 4-1000). Aug. 13, 8 p.m.

● Democratic national convention. International Amphitheater, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). The extent to which the public can get into the public galleries depends on a number of unpredictables. Aug. 13-17.

● *Tribune* music festival. Soldier field. (HA 7-5252). Accordion bands, armies of baton twirlers, mass match lighting and other immense musical effects in an unmatched acoustical setting. Aug. 18, 7:30 p.m.

● Ringling Bros. & Barnum & Bailey circus. Soldier field (HA 7-5252). Opens Aug. 25.

ethnic festivals

● Italian Festival. North av. & River rd., Maywood. Italian culture, dancing & food. Nightly thru Aug. 5.

● Czechoslovak Society of America. Pilsen Park, 26th & Albany (BI 7-5000). Grand Lodge of Illinois sponsors this all-day affair. Aug. 5.

● Bud Billiken parade & picnic. Washington park, 55th & South Park (HA 7-5252). An all-day Negro celebration sponsored by the Chicago *Defender*. Aug. 11.

● Annual Irish Day picnic. Riverview park, 3300 n. Western (LA 5-2330). Aug. 15, 11:30 a.m.

● Schwaben Verein picnic (German). Riverview park (LA 5-2330). Aug. 19, 11:30 a.m.

theater

● *Bus Stop*. Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). A return of William Inge's piece, focused on a small town restaurant peopled for the night by passengers of a snow-bound bus—with Helen Gallagher Opens Aug. 13. Nightly, 8:30; Sat. mat. 2:30.

● *Silk Stockings*. Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). A Cole Porter musical version of a Communist young lady's conversion thru engaging in free enterprise with an American. With Allan Jones Nightly, 8:30, except Sun., 7 p.m.; Sat. mat., 2:30.

● *Cinerama Holiday*. Eitel's Palace, 15 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). The second super-screen thriller runs on and on an on. Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat. 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat. 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

summer theaters

(Summer theater programs are subject to sudden change, so it is best to check before starting out.)

● Hinsdale Summer Theater, 1st & Gar field, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 8213). Pro gram to be announced.

● Drury Lane, 97th & Western (PR 9 4000). Food at the Martinique next door Thru Aug. 5, *Wedding Breakfast*. Aug 7-19, *The Tender Trap* with Tom Dug gan. Opening Aug. 21, *The Solid Gol Cadillac*. Tue.-Fri. & Sun., 8:30; Sat 9:30. Mat. Sat., 2:30.

● Michiana Theater, Michiana Shores Ind. (Michigan City 2-5858). Aug. 1- *Mister Roberts*. Aug. 8-12, *The Rain maker*. Aug. 15-19 & 22-26, *Guys and Dolls*. Opening Aug. 29, *Ten Nights in Bar Room*. 8:30.

● Music Theater, County Line rd. Skokie, Highland Park (BR 4-7447 Thru Aug. 5, *On the Town*. Aug. 6-1 *Pal Joey* with Johnnie Desmond & Vi ginia de Luce. Opening Aug. 20, *Th King and I*. Nightly, 8:30.

● Shady Lane, U.S. 20, Marengo (Jo dan 8-7218). Dining at Shady Lan Farm. Aug. 1-5, *Jane*. Aug. 6-11, *Vineg Tree*. Aug. 13-18, *Slightly Married*. Au 21-26, *For Better or Worse*. Openin Aug. 28, *Right Bed, Wrong Husban* Nightly except Mon., 8:50.

● Tenthouse, 508 Central, Highlan Park (ID 2-1160). Thru Aug. 5, *Th Seven-Year Itch*. Aug. 7-12, *The Remar able Mr. Pennypacker*. Aug. 21-26, *Ma in Heaven*. Tue.-Sat., 8:30; Sun., 7:45.

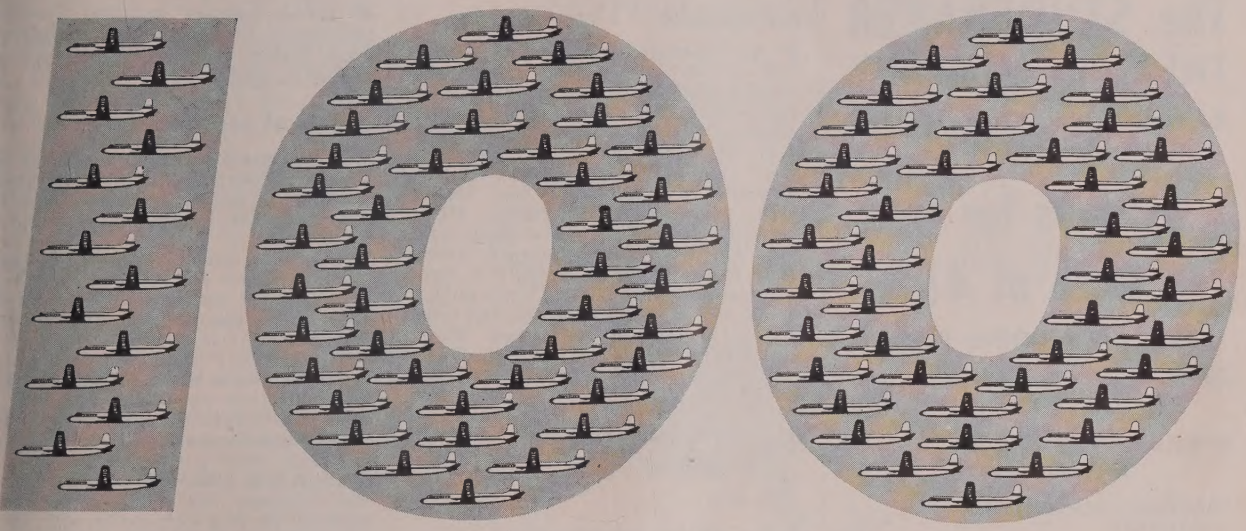
repertory & university

● University of Chicago, Court Theate 57th & University (MI 3-0800, ex 1062). The annual outdoor drama fest val winds up with Anatole France's *Th Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*, Au 2-5 & 9-12, 8:30.

music

● Grant Park Symphony orchestr Grant Park band shell (HA 7-5252 Aug. 1. Milton Katims, cond.; Paul Ole sky, cellist. Aug. 3, Katims & Olefsk Aug. 4 & 5, Katims, cond.; Mildred Mi ler, mezzo sop., week-end "pop" concer Aug. 8, Joseph Rosenstock, cond.; Laur Hurley, coloratura sop., symphony pr gram. Aug. 11 & 12, Rosenstock & Hu ley, "An Evening in Vienna." Aug. 1 Rosenstock, cond.; Carroll Glenn, violi ist. Aug. 16, Rosenstock & Glenn. Au 17 & 19, Rosenstock, cond.; Luci

United provides Chicago



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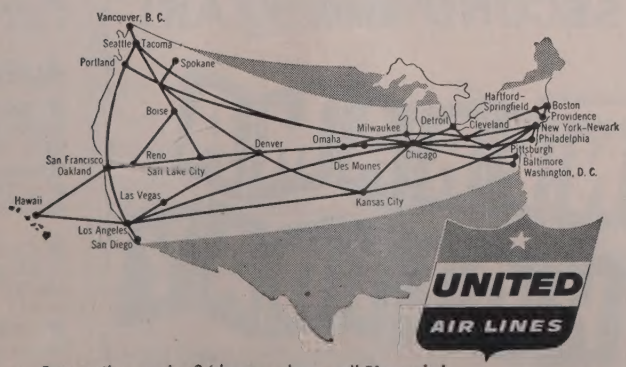

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Amara, Jacquelynne Moody, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, Miles Nekolny, Andrew Foldi, concert version of Puccini's *La Boheme*. 8 p.m. Free.

● University of Chicago, Rockefeller chapel, 59th & Woodlawn (MI 3-0800). Carillon concerts. Thru Aug. Wed. at 8 p.m., Sun., 4:30. Free.

art exhibits

● Art Institute, Michigan & Adams (CE 6-7080). Continuing: Contemporary Japanese Pottery, work of six leading potters, thru Aug. Photography, selections from Peabody collection, thru Aug. "People" — no people appear in these pictures which nevertheless are essentially portraits, thru Aug. Handwoven rugs, designed by Picasso, Miro, Leger, Calder, Lurcat & Marcousis, thru Aug. 27. Drapery & upholstery fabric, designed by Reg-Wick studio, thru Aug. Permanent: All 67 of the Thorne miniature rooms are on view for the first time in gallery A-12. Museum hours: Mon.-Sat., 9-5; Sun. & hol., noon-5. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol., except for a few special exhibits.

● Barbara Aubin, paintings, & Charles Warstler, photographs. Riccardo restaurant & gallery, 437 Rush (WH 4-8815). Thru Aug.

● June Holmes, paintings & monoprints; Charlotte Aronson & Edna Arnow, pottery. Ken studios, 505 n. State (SU 7-7587). Thru Aug. Daily, 10-6.

● Sandor Klein, oil portraits. Well of the Sea gallery. Hotel Sherman Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Thru Aug. Daily, 8 a.m. to 1 a.m.

● Paul Kontny. Works of this Bavarian artist, & Bernard Buffet, oils, water colors, drawings & lithographs. Marshall Field & Co. galleries, 111 n. State (ST 1-1000). Thru Aug. Mon.-Sat., 9:15-5:45.

● Donald Vesely, paintings & drawings. 414 Art Workshop, 414 n. State (SU 7-1988). Thru Aug. Mon.-Fri., 4:30-10; Sat., 1-7.

group shows

● All-Illinois Society of the Fine Arts. Exhibition of water colors & oils by members. Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). Thru Aug.

● Artists from the Midwest. Paintings by Aaron Bohrod, William Schwar Arthur Okamura & others. Frank J. Oe schlaeger gallery, 107 e. Oak (SU 6779). Thru Aug. Mon.-Sat., 10-6.

● Art Students league. Exhibition members' work. Mandel Bros. galleri 1 n. State (ST 2-1500). Thru Aug. Mo Sat., 9:15-5:45; Mon. & Thu., till 8:

● Italian painters, including Giuse Guerresch; Charles Feingarten galle 58 e. Walton (MO 4-0917). Thru A Mon.-Fri., 10-6; Sat., 10-5.

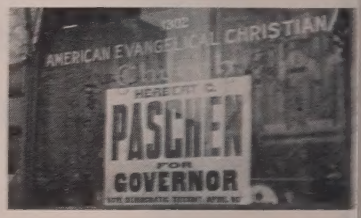
points of seasonal interest

● Buckingham fountain. Grant park Congress. Colored lights gild this clas lily from 9-9:30 p.m. daily and 10-10: p.m. Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun.

● Bughouse Square. Walton & Cla Non-conformists still roil and boil eve summer night around this block squ area where the right of free spee flourishes.

● Maxwell st., at Halsted. Open air m ket. Daily from sun to sun. Sun. a m. when this lively old-world trading cen does its greatest business.

● Olson falls. 2800 n. Pulaski. The Ols Rug company has a 35-foot artific waterfall set in a rock garden with flo ers, shrubs, trees and Indian relics.



● Riverview park. 3300 n. Western (5-2330). 100 crazy rides for kids of a age.

● Shoreline cruises. Wacker dr. at Mi igan ave. bridge. Mercury (DE 2-435 and Wendella (DE 7-1446) prov views of the skyline every few hours fr 1:30 p.m. to midnight.

● Observatories. Short of an airpla these towers offer the best sky views the city: Prudential bldg., Randolph Michigan (WH 3-2800), Mon.-Sat., 10 Sun. 11-5; Board of Trade bldg., 141 Jackson (WA 2-2800), daily, 9-6; Tr une Tower, 435 n. Michigan (SU 0100), daily, 9-5; Wrigley bldg., 400 Michigan (SU 7-8102), weekda 9:30-5.

museums

● Adler Planetarium, lake front n Roosevelt (WA 2-1428). Open d 10-5, Tue. & Fri. till 9:30. Aug. sh "Between the Planets": Mon.-Sat., & 3; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 & 3: Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

● Chicago Academy of Sciences, 200 Clark (LI 9-0606). Metropolitan nat history exhibits. Daily, 10-5. Free.

● Chicago Natural History muse Roosevelt rd. & Lake Shore dr. (WA 9410). Exhibits in anthropology, bot geology and zoology. Daily, 9-6. F Thu., Sat. & Sun.

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● Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibits of the city in 1856 celebrate the society's 100th year. Mon.-Sat., 9:30-4:30; Sun. & hol., 12:30-5:30. Free weekdays.

● Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). The public can scrutinize the stars every clear Fri., 8:30-10 p.m.

● Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). The queue at German U-boat 505 is just as long as ever. Mon.-Sat., 9:30-5:30; Sun. & hol., till 7. Free.

● Oriental institute, University of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Eastern art and culture of ancient times. Tue.-Wed., 10-noon, 1-5; Thu.-Sun., 10-5. Free.

fauna & flora

● Brookfield zoo, 1st ave. & 31st, Brookfield (BI 2-2630). Acres and acres of animals in surroundings very like their natural habitats. Daily, 10-6, Sun., till 7. Free Thu., Sat., Sun. & hol.

● Lincoln Park zoo, 2000 n. in Lincoln park (LI 9-3009). 4 p.m. lion feeding (Mon. excluded) is a main attraction. Weekdays 9-5, weekends & hol., 10-6. Free.

● Indian Boundary Park zoo, 2500 Lunt (SH 3-8089). A small zoo populated with small animals and birds, plus a bear and a deer. Daily, 9-5. Free.

● Shedd Aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt (WE 9-4681). Myriad sea creatures, from angel to devil fish. Daily, 10-5. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

● Garfield park conservatory, 300 n. Central Park (HA 7-5252). Summer foliage show thru Aug. Daily, 9-5. Illinois gladiolus show, Aug. 18, 3-9 p.m., Aug. 19, 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Hawthorne fall show—end-of-summer display of what bountenous nature and hard-working gardeners can produce—Aug. 25-26.

● Lincoln park conservatory, Fullerton & Stockton (HA 7-5252). Summer foliage show. Daily, 9-5.

tours

● American Airlines. Midway airport, 63rd & Cicero (PO 7-6200, ext. 846). Thru the twin hangars, weather information section and the flight dispatch area. Appointments for groups should be made 10 days in advance. Children under 12 not admitted. Mon.-Thu., 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

● Baha'i Temple, Linden & Sheridan rd., Wilmette (Wilmette 9846). Public tours on weekdays include only the auditorium. Sunday tours are of the entire building and include color slides and talks. The larger tour can be arranged for groups on weekdays by contacting Mrs. D. Cooper (Wilmette 618). Weekdays, 1-4; Sun., 10:30-5.

● Board of Trade, 141 w. Jackson (WA 2-2800). Visitors observe "the pit" where lively grain trading takes place. Public gallery, 5th floor, Mon.-Fri., 9:30-1:15.

● Chicago *Tribune*, 435 n. Michigan (SU 7-0100, ext. 715). Visitors see all the major printing processes—engraving,

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● Marshall Field & Co., 111 n. State (ST 1-1000). Groups of 5 to 20 assemble at the 3rd floor information desk. Advance reservations necessary.

● Merchandise Mart, north bank of the river at Wells (WH 4-4141). Tours of the latest in home furnishing displays for groups only, by advance registration. Mon.-Fri., 9:30-3:30.

● Northwestern university, technological institute, Sheridan & Noyes, Evanston (UN 4-1900). One hour tour of the institute begins in the lobby, Sat., 11 a.m.

● Sears Roebuck & Co., 925 s. Homan (KE 3-2500). Tue.-Fri., 9:45, 10:45, 1:45, 2:15; Mon., 1:45, 2:45. Tours of the world's largest mail order house begin at the usher's desk, main entrance.

● University of Chicago (MI 3-0800). A tour of the campus begins every Sat., 10 a.m., at Ida Noyes hall, 1212 e. 59th.

● Chicago Gray line (SE 8-2900). A number of rubber-neck tours cover the whole city by bus, with choice of hours and areas. Tours begin at Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan.

sports

baseball

● Cubs, Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (BU 1-5050). Aug.: 10 (ladies day), 11 & 12 (double header), St. Louis; 14, 15 & 16, Cincinnati; 21 & 22, Philadelphia; 23 (ladies day), 24 & 25, New York; 26 (double header), Pittsburgh; 28, 29 & 30 Brooklyn. 1:30 p.m.

● White Sox, Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 4-1000). Aug.: 1 & 2 (ladies day), Washington; 3 (night), 4 & 5 (double header), Baltimore; 7 (double header), Kansas City; 8 (night) & 9 (ladies day), Cleveland; 17 (night), 18 & 19 (double header), Detroit; 31 (night), Cleveland. Days 1:30. Nights, 8 p.m.

golf

● Women's Western Junior Open, Flossmoor C.C., Western ave. in Flossmoor (PL 2-0214). Aug. 6-10.

● Cook County Amateur Men's Open, Columbus park, 500 s. Central (HA 7-5252). Aug. 13-18.

● Chicago District Golf Association Amateur Championship, Inverness G.C., Palatine (ST 2-7485). Aug. 20-23.

● Hearst National Junior, Olympia Fields C.C., Olympia Fields (ST 2-7485). Aug. 27-30.

horsing around

● *Sun-Times* annual horse show, Lincoln Park arena, near North (AL 3-4800). Primarily to encourage horsemanship among the young. Open jumping, harness, 3- & 5-gait classes and mass ride wherein all entrants surge down the field. Aug. 28, 9:30 a.m. Free.

● Thorobred racing. Washington park, 175th & Halsted, Homewood (IN 9212). Daily thru Aug., 1:45.

● Harness racing. Sportsman's park, 3301 s. Laramie, Cicero (OL 2-2812).

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"'V' IS FOR VEAL AND BOUQUET IS FOR FLAVOR", says Executive Chef Gosy of the Hotel Sherman. He refers, of course, to the taste-tempting Veal Scallopini served in the College Inn Porterhouse. This true success story begins with the tender, lean leg of veal, which is first browned in butter, on both sides, to golden goodness. Then come cucumbers, mushrooms, Madeira wine, and a sauce to enchant —all adding *their* individual harmonies to the flavorsome symphony called "Veal Scallopini"—*along with the bouquet of chives, shallots, and crushed garlic that is the main key to its success!* Music by Frank York and his famous strolling violins. Hotel Sherman (you can drive right in!), Randolph, Clark, and La Salle Streets. FRanklin 2-2100.

Nightly thru Aug., 8:30.

● Polo. Oak Brook Polo club, International fields, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 3212). Tue. & Thu., practice games. Sun. & hol., high-goal players from all over the country compete. Thru Aug., 3 p.m.

stock car racing

● O'Hare stadium, Mannheim & Irving Park, Franklin Park (GL 5-9366). Fri. & Sun. thru Aug. Time trials, 6 p.m., first race, 8:30.

● Raceway park, 130th & Ashland, Blue Island (FU 5-4035). Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun. thru Aug. Time trials, 7 p.m., first race, 8:30.

● Soldier field, Lake Shore dr. & 14th st. (HA 7-5252). Aug. 4 & 25. Time trials, 6 p.m., first race, 8:30.

wrestling

● International Amphitheater, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Aug. 3, 8:30.

yachting

● Elimination races for Mallory cup, Chicago Yacht club, foot of Belmont (GR 7-7575). Aug. 1 & 2.

● George Orr regatta, Columbia Yacht club, foot of Van Buren (GR 7-7575). Aug. 12.

● Lake Michigan Yachting association regatta, Chicago Yacht club. Aug. 25.

● *Daily News* regatta, foot of Roosevelt (DE 2-1111). Races for all types of sailing craft and special events such as motor boat racing, water ski show, and a demonstration by city fire boats. Aug. 26, 10 a.m.

exhibition softball

● The King and His Court, an accomplished and entertaining four-man team, will play nine-man opponents at Thillens stadium, Devon and Kedzie, at 8 p.m. August 3, 4 and 5. Further information in West of the Water Tower.

for the children

museums

● Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). "Summertime Fun" program of free movies on Indian life. Tue. (by reservation only) & Wed. (open to public), 11 & 2. Aug. 1, *The Supai Indian,* tribe of Cataract Canyon in Arizona; *Broken Lance,* cinemascope, part III; *Squatters Rights,* cartoon. Aug. 7 & 8, *Nature's Half Acre,* Disney's famous film, *Tortoise & the Hare,* cartoon. Aug. 14 & 15, *Behind the Scenes of Walt Disney Studios & Ugly Duckling,* cartoon.

● Chicago Natural History museum, Roosevelt & Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). Completion of museum journey no. 6, "Animals & Stamps," earns official museum traveler's certificate. Free movies: *Nature's Children,* Aug. 2; *Elephant Boy,* Aug. 9 at 10 & 11 a.m.

parks

● Fishing. Children under 16 can fish without a license from banks of lagoons in Jackson, Washington, Sherman, Columbus, Douglas, Garfield, Humboldt, Marquette, McKinley & Lincoln parks. The annual city-wide contest for boys and girls (Aug. 12, 10 a.m.) at each of the lagoons offers assorted awards for catches, with one grand prize for the biggest fish caught. (HA 7-5252).

● Golf. Courses in Lincoln, Columbus, Marquette & Jackson parks have special rates for golfers under 16.

● Sand modeling contest. Final area contests for boys and girls. Aug. 6 & 8, North ave. beach; Aug. 10, Jackson Park (63rd st.), 10 a.m. (HA 7-5252). Tomorrow's sculptors at work.

zoos

● Brookfield Children's zoo & farm, 1st ave. & 31st, Brookfield (BI 2-2630). Small animals to be petted and fed by visiting small fry. Open daily.

● Hawthorn-Mellody farm & children's zoo, U.S. 21, 3 mi. s. of Libertyville (LI 2-2025). Noah's Ark, goat mountain & a lagoon full of water fowl. Milking parlor demonstrates modern dairying to visitors. Mon.-Fri., 10:30-5; Sun. till 6. Free Mon.-Fri.

● Lincoln Park children's zoo, 2200 n. in Lincoln park (LI 9-3009). The circus theme is not impaired by substitution of gentler animals for lions. Animals to pet include a goat, a skunk, divers snakes and many less bizarre babies. Puppet show every 2 hours. Mon.-Fri., 9-5; Sat. Sun. & hol., 10-6.

night life

● Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton ho tel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). "Wor derful Time" is an ice show with a trip to-Europe theme providing a reason fo Spanish, French, Italian and Scandina vian scenes. Shirley Linde and Micha Meehan star with Peter Voss and Helg Neff. Frankie Masters and orchestra pr vide music. Open from 6:30 p.m.; sho 8:30 & midnight. Sun. mat., 4 p.m. Su eve. show at 9. Dinners from $3.2 $2 cover.

● The Buttery, Ambassador West hote State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet ar elegant, with dancing to restrained Afr Cuban music by Romeo and orchestr Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing from 9. Flamin sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a carte. $3 min. Fri. & Sat.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Western style dining; music by Frank York, with a fiddle and an orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. till 2 a.m.

Empire Room, Palmer House, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Muggsy Spanier with Helen Forrest, Dixieland Jamboree, also Jack Codell and his birds thru Aug. 5. Harry Belafonte opens Aug. 16. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from $4. $2 cover.

Gate of Horn, 753 n. Dearborn (SU 2-2833). A new basement spot of stark contemporary decor features folk and ballad singers as well as charcoal sandwiches. Bob Gibson plays five string banjo and sings American and Bahaman folk songs thru Aug. Big Bill Broonzy with his guitar and Deep South blues will stay thru Aug. 15. Nightly till 2 a.m. Shows from 9:30.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Big city dining, with dancing to the steady two-beat of Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters." 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dancing from 9 p.m. Dinner from $3.50.

Jardin Royale, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5349 Sheridan (LO 1-6000). Dancing in an old New Orleans setting under the stars. Fri. & Sat. 9 p.m.-1 a.m. Beverages only.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-1434). Entertainment and elbow rubbing by the who's who of show business. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late show Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner $3.50-4.75.

Mangam's Chateau, 7850 Ogden, Lyons (Lyons 3-4900). Variety show with chorus line. Two orchestras. 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m. Dinner from $3. $2 min.

Budland, 6412 Cottage Grove (MU 3-6400). Dinah Washington and Billy Holliday entertain thru Aug. 8 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 11 & 2:30. Dinners from $1.50.

Honolulu Harry's Waikiki, Wilson and Clarendon (LO 1-3446). All-Hawaiian revue with singers and dancers from the Islands. Free Hula lessons. Two cuisines, Cantonese and American. Shows at 8:30, 10 & 11:30; late show Sat. 2 a.m. Dinner from $2.50. $2.50 min. Sat.

Club Hollywood, 9000 Belmont (TU 9-2244). Lenny Collier for comedy, Hunter's ballroom team, and singer Joan Val with Carmen Rogers and orchestra entertain thru Aug. Frank Yankovic, the polka king, reigns every Tue. night. Daily 4 p.m. to 5 a.m. Closed Mon. Dinner from $2.50. $1 min.

Black Orchid, Rush & Ontario (MO 4-6666). Rudy Vallee entertains thru Aug. The Junior Room features Buddy Charles at the piano. Daily till 4 a.m. Shows at 8:30, 11 & 1 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

Offbeat Room, featuring the Compass Players, 6344 Broadway (SH 3-4892). In a new location, ad lib drama on topical scenarios is done by quick-witted entertainers. Regular shows are followed by improvisations on themes suggested by the audience. Favorite sketches include *British Mountain Climbers, J. D. Salinger* and *27 Whooping Cranes Flying Overhead*. The trio of piano man

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Lytton's

Eddie Baker plays jazz Fri. thru Tue Shows Wed.-Sun. from 9 p.m. Min. $ Sun.-Thu., $2.50 Fri. & Sat.

● Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Flamboy ant hangout for celebrities and celebrit watchers. David LeWinter's orchestra an danceable music. Noon to 2 a.m. Flamin sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a l carte. $3.50 min. Fri. & Sat.

● Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060) "Calypso Latina" with Rafael Rey, Zoil Dsan and The Mighty Tiger singing Florinda dances. Continuous gypsy musi in the adjoining Opera club. 5 p.m. t 4 a.m., shows 9:30, midnight & 2 a.m Dinner from $2.50.

● Cafe Bonaparte, Sheraton-Blackston hotel, Michigan & Balbo (HA 7-4300) Very elegant dishes served in very ne and elegant surroundings. Hal Otis pr vides dance music after 9:30. Noon t 1 a.m. Dinner from $6.

jazz

● Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247) Connie Boswell with Art Hodes' ban and Hampton Howe's trio continue thr Aug. 5. Les Brown and Stan Kenton eac bring their bands for an undetermine week during the month. 9:30 p.m.-3:3 a.m.; Sun. mat., 5-7, features soft drink for teen-agers. Closed Mon. & Tue. Foo a la carte. $3 min.

● Cloister Inn, Maryland hotel, 90 Rush (SU 7-4568). Pat Moran play bright jazz Wed.-Sun. On Mon. & Tu Dick Marx, Johnny Frigo and Lurlea Hunter hold forth. 10 p.m.-4 a.m. N cover or min.

● Easy Street, in the alley at Elm s between State and Dearborn (WH 4 4748). A coach house jazz spot wit a papier mache tree growing up thr the bar. The Billy Wallace trio play and Leigh Travis sings in a throat style. Sun. concerts (6-9 p.m.) featu Bill Russo's quintet playing progressiv jazz. Nightly, 9 p.m.-4 a.m.

● Jazz Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907 Fans collect in this downstairs spot hear Bill Reinhardt's Dixieland musi Closed Sun. $2 min.

● Key lounge, 1020 Montrose (LO 2833). Good local combos appear he Wed. thru Sun. 10 p.m. to 4 a.m.

● Max Miller Scene, 2126 n. Cla (EA 7-8760). Improvisations by Max the vibes and piano against a Mondria like backdrop. The drinks are all $ 9 p.m.-4 a.m. Closed Mon. & Tue.

● Modern Jazz room, Preview loung 7 w. Randolph (AN 3-6908). The Pr view's second floor is devoted to serio listening. The Australian jazz quint plays Aug. 1-14, followed by Stan Ge quintet Aug. 15-26. Bud Shank's quart opens Aug. 29. Carole Simpson is re dent pianist. 9 p.m.-4 a.m. Closed Mo & Tue. Min. $1.50 weekdays, $2 Sat. Sun.

● Pershing lounge, Pershing hotel, 64 Cottage Grove (MU 4-6400). T Ahmad Jamal group continues, playi carefully rehearsed, frequently repeat arrangements. 10 p.m. to 4 a.m.

what comes off here

● In a class by itself among the str tease arenas of the metropolitan area

the Silver Frolics at Wabash and the north bank of the river. The gaudy revues feature show girls in plumed hats, as well as a variety of well-endowed strippers who are always coming up with new variations on the old theme.

● North Clark street, from the river to Division, a mecca for ecdysiast buffs in the pre-reform era just after the war, is now but a shadow of its former self. It may possess some historical interest, however, and a few of the performers may have been personal friends of Weber and Fields.

● West Madison street has suffered much the same fate as north Clark, though the Club Aloha, near Western, offers the distinction of an interracial show.

● South State street, from Van Buren to Congress, is the peppiest strip club strip left within the city limits, and also possesses the only two remaining burlesque theaters. The Crossroads, at Van Buren, is the only flesh museum in town that serves dinners.

● Calumet City, about 18 miles south of the Loop and just inside Illinois, is a raucous half-mile totally dedicated to undulation and undress. Sheriff Lohman's active disapproval has battered but not beaten this singular colony. The Little Club, at the east end of the street, has a particularly relaxed atmosphere.

● Cicero. Out around Cicero avenue and Cermak road, they really get raw.

select saloons

● Billy Goat Inn, 1855 w. Madison (SE 3-9130). Almost anything is likely to happen in this historic rendezvous of conventioneers — especially if it involves bells, whistles and assorted practical jokes. Daily till 2 a.m.

● College of Complexes, 862 n. State (MO 4-5551). Patrons endure the insults of Slim Brundage, janitor, to consort with the Near North Side's near bohemians in an unclassifiable atmosphere. Daily till 2 a.m. Fri. & Sat. min. $1.50.

● Sieben's Bier Stube, 1466 Larrabee (WH 4-9411). Draught beer served by remarkably dexterous waiters in an old world cobblestone court where there's a cool breeze on the hottest night. Daily till midnight.

● Top of the Rock, Prudential bldg., Randolph & Michigan. Clean modern setting enhances the feeling of space in this "highest saloon west of the Hudson." Mon.-Thu. till midnight. Fri. & Sat. till 1 a.m.

eating out

● Agostino's, 1121 n. State (DE 7-9862). This old and respected eating house serves such Italian tongue teasers as rolled filet mignon braciole, chicken Vesuvio and, of course, formidable steaks and sea food. Mon.-Sat., 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; from 1:30 p.m. on Sun. Dinner from $2.25.

● Berghoff, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). Large portions of genuine German food from corned beef and cabbage to sauerbraten, and a dark beer that makes the meal complete. 11:30 to 10; closed Sun. Lunch $1-$2.50; dinner $1.75-$4.

● Blackhawk, 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). Waiters are busy here attending the rolling rib cart and spinning salad bowl. Weekdays, 11 to 10:30; Sat., 1:30 to 1:30; Sun., 3:30 to 10. Dinners $2.50-$5.

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● Cafe de Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn (WH 4-5620). Authentic French fare, all the more enjoyable in this Gallic setting. Crepes suzettes are, of course, a house specialty. Daily, 5 to 11. Dinner $3.90-$6.50.

● Cameo, 116 e. Walton (SU 7-1200). Decorative dining where such dishes as poached whitefish with egg sauce and creme St. Germaine pea soup are big favorites, and the roast beef, as all else, is done to perfection. Noon to 1 a.m. Dinner from $3.50. Closed Sun.

● Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). A wide range of Bohemian dishes is served here as well as a good selection of fresh game. 11 a.m. to midnight; Lunch $1.35-$1.65; dinner $1.75-$4.75. Closed Sun. & hol.

● Cape Cod Room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore and Michigan (SU 7-2200). Excellent seafood for all kinds of appetites can be enjoyed here in tasteful surroundings. Daily, noon to midnight. A la carte from $2.75.

● Churchill Room, 1255 n. State (MO 4-6111). Steaks broiled over an open hearth and ribs of beef from a huge rib cart are house specialties in either of two rooms decorated in the modern manner. Daily, 5 to 4 a.m. A la carte from $2.35.

● Clipper Room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food with a sea-around-you atmosphere. Also German dishes. 11:30 to 8:30. A la carte from $1.55. Closed Sat. & Sun.

● Continental Gourmet, 1508 e. 57th (PL 2-9355). Delicious hors d'oeuvres are bolstered by special national dishes in a candle-lit room. 4:30 to 10. Dinner $1.75-$3.75. Closed Sat., Sun. & Mon.

● Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room, Palmolive building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). A dark and intimate room for quiet and relaxed dining. 11:30 to 9. Lunch from $1.25; dinner from $2.25.

● Fritzel's, 210 n. State (AN 3-7100). Good cuisine that draws the Hollywood set. Daily 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner $2.85-$4.95.

● Grecian Terrace, 55 w. Washington (RA 6-0637). Plenty of room here at lunch time and some foods to be had are avgolemono soup, taramosalata (fish roe) and an assortment of kebabs and pelafs. Daily, 11:30 to 9. Lunch from $1.15; dinner from $2.25.

● Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph (AN 3-6474). Chinatown in the Loop. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Lunch $.75-$2; dinner $1.55-$4.

● Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). An old-time restaurant devoted exclusively to the manifold delights of the sea. Noon to 2 a.m. Dinner $2-$5.

● Italian Village, 71 w. Monroe (DE 2-9192, DE 2-9857). Authentic Florentine cooking is served here in two restaurants. Among the dishes offered are some rarely found in Chicago, such as cannelloni and manicotti imbottini. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch from $1.25; dinner from $2.

● Jacques', 900 n. Michigan (DE 7-9040). Continental foods and choice wines in a light-hearted French atmos-

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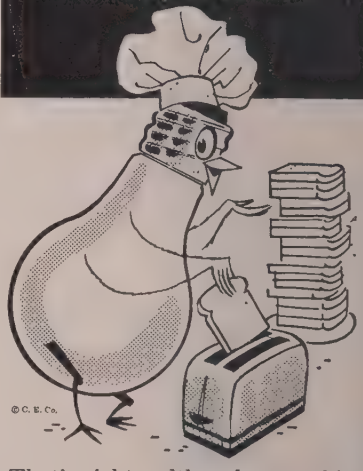
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phere. 11:30 to 3, and 5 to 10:30. Lunch $1.70-$2.60; dinner $3.80-$6.

● London House, 360 n. Michigan (AN 3-6920). Teddy Williams with modern trio Aug. 8. Steaks & chops are a house specialty. No cover or min. Dinner from $3.75.

● Red Star Inn, 1528 n. Clark (WH 4-9637). Reputedly the biggest menu in the city, includes a zwiebel fleisch that's better than sauerbraten, even, and portions are larger than large. 4 to midnight. Dinner from $1.75.

● St. Hubert's Grill, 316 Federal (WE 9-8770). Superior food from Shropshire chops to Yankee pot roast elegantly served by red-coated waiters in old English surroundings. Noon to midnight. Dinner from $3.25. Closed Sun.

● Stock Yard Inn, 42nd and Halsted (YA 7-5580). Your individual selection of beef is branded here for you personally at your table. Other dishes are, of course, also available. Daily 11 to 2:30; 5 to 10. Sun. 12 to 10. Dinner $3.25-$6.

● Sweden House, 157 e. Ohio (SU 7-3350). A variety of tasty and delicate Scandinavian dishes are offered here amidst the handsome decor. 11:30 to 2:30, and 5 to 9; Sun. 1 to 8:30. Lunch from $.75; dinner from $1.75.

● Well of the Sea, Sherman hotel, Clark and Randolph (FR 2-2100). A dim room which offers a deep sea menu and decor. Daily, noon to midnight; Sun., 4 to 9. Lunch $1.60-$2.25; dinner a la carte from $2.55.

suburban & beyond

● The Chalet, 425 Waukegan, Northbrook (CR 2-0135). Checkered tablecloths and German Swiss menu including sauerbraten and geschnetzlets with spaetzle. Mon.-Thu., 4 to 1; Fri. & Sat., to 2; Sun., 12:30 to midnight.

● Czech Lodge, 2519 s. Des Plaines, North Riverside (RI 7-9786). Convenient for Brookfield zoo visitors and offers a long list of Czech dishes. Tue.-Fri., 11:30 to 11:30; Sat. from 5.; Sun. from 2. Lunch from $.85; dinner from $2.75.

● Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Whether it's the huge trays of antipasto, or the spaghetti, or the shish kebab with rice en brochette, it's going to live up to a widespread fame. Mon.-Sat., 11:30 to 2:30 and 5 to 10; Sun., noon to 10. Dinner $1.75-$4.75.

● Klas, 5734 Cermak, Cicero (OL 2-0795). Excellent food prepared in the Bohemian manner and served by appropriately costumed waitresses. 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch from $1.50; dinner from $2.50. Closed Mon.

● Mathon's, 6 e. Clayton at the lake front, Waukegan (ON 2-3610). Lake trout, smelt, perch and whitefish are brought in daily by boats. Also available are sea food, steaks, chops and chicken. 11 to 9. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $1.85-$4.50.

● Villa d'Este, Cary rd., Cary (Mercury 9-2271). Continental dining in a converted country estate that has an enclosed terrace for those who enjoy a good scene with their good food. Tue.-Sat., 5 to 1; Sun. from 1 p.m. Dinner from $3.75. Closed Mon.

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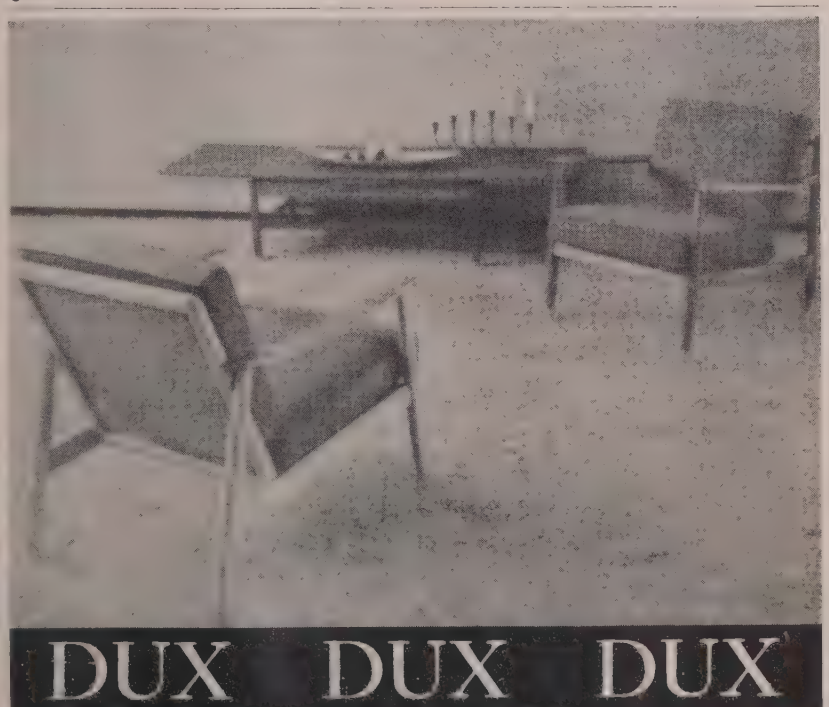

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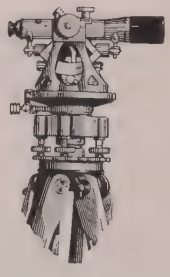

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tax invasion

Until recently the Elgin city limits ran through the grounds of the state mental hospital located there. Now the boundary has been extended to include all of the institution so that the inmates can be counted in computing the city's share of state gasoline tax receipts.

all this, and 'land of Lincoln,' too

The 1956 Mt. Morris, Illinois, city vehicle license sticker is shaped like a football and bears the legend: "1955 Black Hawk Conference Champions."

331 no-hit games

About ten years ago the sturdy young pitcher-manager of a softball team in the state of Washington swelled with pride that violated Holy Writ by not preceeding a fall. After his club had won a seven-inning game by the score of 33 to 0, Eddie Feigner jovially suggested to the losing manager that the margin would have been the same had the victors used only four players (enough to load the bases and still have a batter).

Feigner's remark was interpreted as a challenge, and the teams met again the following week with four on one side and nine on the other. The minority bloc won, 7 to 0, Feigner striking out 19 of the 21 opposing batters and getting the other two on a pop-up and an infield grounder.

That night marked the formation of The King and His Court, the four-man team that Feigner has since led through ten years, 480,000 miles of barnstorming, 943 victories, 94 losses and 11 ties—all against regulation teams will full nine-man line-ups.

King Feigner and his three courtiers (catcher Meade Kinzer, shortstop Mike Meilicke and first baseman Jerry Jones) stopped off at Thillens stadium out at Devon and Kedzie a few weeks ago, as they will again this month, to display their royal talents before a near-capacity crowd.

The variation of softball practiced by Feigner's troupe is not played in the city, so they engaged a group of commoners from Manhattan, a farming community south of Joliet. The ball employed was far from soft, being a smooth, inside-seam missile 12 inches in circumference and nearly as rigid as a baseball.

As the Manhattan nine took the field for the first inning, Feigner, who is his team's master of ceremonies as well as its star, stepped to a microphone behind home plate and made a few announcements.

"Some people might think we depend on special rules like 'no bunting' or 'no stealing home'," he said. "We have no rules other than the official ones, except that the pitching rule is widened to allow for my trickery. This is not a canned game," he assured the crowd. "Some of us don't know who'll win."

Jones, the bespectacled first baseman, led off for the nobility with a single through the box. Meilicke, a sparely built double for Ronald Reagan, grounded to the second baseman, but the shortstop dropped the throw on an attempted force out and both runners were safe. Feigner struck out on three sizzling deliveries by the

Manhattan pitcher. Kinzer stepped to the plate and feigned an attempt to bunt the first pitch. The runners pulled a double steal that was over before the catcher thought about throwing. Kinzer then beat out a grounder to third. The runners held, and Feigner, being the only offensive player not on base, stepped to the plate, thereby slightly widening the batting order rule.

The King grounded to the shortstop and there would have been a force at home, but the catcher dropped the ball as a run scored and the bases remained loaded. Jones struck out, then succeeded himself in the batter's box and knocked the ball over the left field fence to score four more runs. Meilicke had the noblesse oblige to ground out to the first baseman.

Feigner threw a fast strike and a ball to the first Manhattan batter. Then he showed one of the reasons why he's so much better than pitchers who keep throwing fast balls until one of them is timed and lands out in the street; using the identical motion, he threw a floating slow ball that got to the plate after the batter had finished swinging. Then he threw another fast one, and the batter swung after it was in the catcher's mitt.

The second hitter swung three times at Feigner's fast ball and went back to the dugout. The next batter broke his back swinging at a floater, then ticked a fast one foul. On the third pitch, Feigner used an intricate windmill windup, and did what looked to the batter and the crowd like throwing. The batter started a swing; then Feigner threw the ball in gently. Hopelessly off balance, the batter chopped it to Meilicke and was thrown out at first.

The King and His Court went out routinely in their half of the second inning. Feigner struck out the first two Manhattans, throwing several pitches behind his back. When the third man stepped in, he went through an involved windup and "pitch." The catcher slammed his hand into his mitt and the umpire called it a ball. Kinzer protested vigorously, then took his hand from the glove and revealed that it hadn't even been a pitch, much less a ball. Feigner took the ball out of his own glove and threw three quick strikes.

Feigner's team failed to score in the third. He struck out the first Manhattan batter, walked the next one on four pitches and struck out the third. The fourth man hit a line drive past third base. Meilicke gave chase and picked up the ball near the wall just as the base runner from first was rounding third. He threw a strike to Kinzer and the runner was out at the plate.

In the fourth inning for the peerage, Jones beat out a strikeout, stole second, took third on an infield out and scored on a passed ball. Instead of taking the mound for the last half of the inning, Feigner went out to second base and pitched from there (he can throw the ball 250 feet with a behind-the-back motion). Meilicke moved out into left center field and Jones played just to the left on the pitcher's mound.

Feigner now threw curves instead of fast balls, and the first batter was called out on strikes. He walked the next man, then changed positions, throwing from a kneeling position just in front of the pitcher's mound. The batter beat out a roller down the third base line. Feigner returned to a normal position and struck out the next two men. On the last pitch of the inning, he used his most elaborate windup—giving the ball several whirls around his head, twisting it into his stomach twice, then hopping on one foot a couple of times before breezing it past a hopelessly confused batter.

In the 5th inning Feigner came to the plate bearing a two-foot-long ba with which he occasionally hits home runs. This time he drove a single off the shortstop's glove, then got himself caught off first base but agilely escaped the run down.

As the Manhattan team came up the King hauled the microphone ou on the field and announced that h would pitch that inning blindfolded He donned an ornate mask with "K" brocaded in the center. Meilick stood near the mound to receive th ball from the catcher after each pitch Feigner struck out the side.

Jones hit another home run to ope the royal half of the sixth. Meilick and Kinzer got on first and second then stole each other's bases while th catcher wondered whether and when to throw the ball.

The first man up for Manhatta beat out a bunt and stole second. Th next batter also bunted, and Feigne stood on the mound watching di

dainfully while Meilicke came in and retrieved it for him. Feigner threw the next pitch off the side of his hand while looking into right field and the batter lifted it to left, where it fell for a triple, scoring two runs. Feigner struck out the next two men, with the aid of a windup that involved swinging both arms violently over his head.

Feigner's team made another run in the seventh; then he ended the game by striking out two batters and getting the third one to pop up.

After that he brought out the mike and told everybody to sit still while he gave a pitching demonstration. Before starting the sideshow he announced that his teammates would pass through the audience selling souvenir programs for a quarter.

"As you know," he said, "this is a benefit affair. We get a flat fee for appearing, and the rest of the gate receipts go to charity. The money from the program sales is put into a special fund—and we use it to buy beer."

The program contained a history of Feigner's career in both four-man and regulation play, which has included 331 no-hit games, 113 of them perfect performances wherein nobody got on base. Once he won a 34-inning game, 7 to 6, striking out 73 men along the way. He went through an entire four-man game blindfolded, giving one hit and striking out 18.

Out on the field he was throwing pitches that rose, dropped, curved in and out and went straight to the plate like cannon balls.

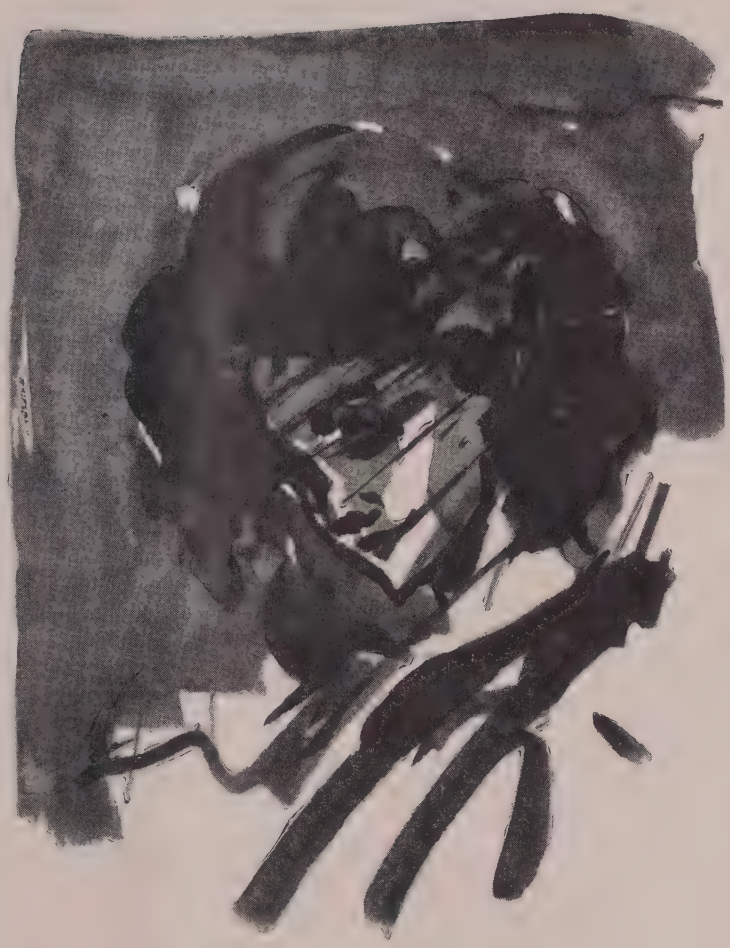
"Once I threw three straight strikes from 250 feet," Feigner told the crowd, "but I know I'll never be able to do it again, so I dropped it out of the show."

direct male advertising

A bail bondsman has lately placed stickers describing his service in the men's rooms of the leading Calumet City strip salons.

just wait, you drama critics

When *Joy Ride* was playing at the Shubert, a poster billed its cast as "future stars of tomorrow."



crime mustn't pay

There was suppressed excitement in the elderly woman's voice when she called a newspaper that had been running a series of articles on a sensational murder of the 1930s. She had missed part of one episode, and could she get another copy of the issue in which it ran? The story started on page one and was continued in the second section, but the latter part of her paper had been used to wrap garbage before she saw it. The beginning of this episode, she remembered, told how the murder suspects had pleaded guilty in an effort to avoid the electric chair, and the headline said, "Murderers act to cheat hot seat." "I don't usually read things like that," she explained with a self-conscious giggle, "but this is true, and besides, I want to see them get the hot seat anyway."

the last frontier

The men of Skid Row have taken to using the cleared area for the Northwest Expressway west of the Loop as a camping ground, complete with bonfires and lean-tos.

the democratization of culture

The New York *Times* is sold in a liquor store on north State street.

working toward the gravy run

A long row of dining cars stood along a platform in the Santa Fe yards south of the Loop. Near one of them a heavily-muscled Negro sat on an

inverted orange crate, removing the shells from shrimps and running a well-bitten nail down their backs to clean them before he dropped them into a water-filled stainless steel pot.

"It ain't bad work," he said. "It just gets awful hot in there. About 120 degrees sometimes, I bet. The money ain't bad either, and you get a free hotel room in L.A. And, the waiters give you a little of their tip-money. Enough to see a movie on and eat a dinner. You can smoke in the balcony in L.A."

"Thirdy," a young Negro with a mop in his hand said, "chef wants to see you inside." (The nickname "Thirdy" referring to his rank of third cook).

"Okay, Forty. You get busy with that thing. Don't stand there leaning on it." He went back into the dining car and emerged a minute later with a pot full of potatoes, another half-filled with water. "Chef says get busy with the potatoes—hell with the shrimps."

He began to peel the potatoes, quickly and skillfully.

"Of course, it takes a lot of work. You work till ten and have to be up at five to start the oven, and make the rolls. Most people don't even know those rolls are home-made, but they are. I makes 'em.

"When I first started working on the train, third cook wouldn't even let you see how he made the rolls. Turned his back on you whenever he made anything, so you wouldn't find out how. Things are different now, though. It's eased up a little.

"When you gets back to Chicago, you get three days off, so you get to rest up a little. Myself, I do a little electrical repair work on the side—you know, refrigerators and stuff like that—make a little extra money. Be canned if they find out about it, though. They figure you work enough on the train, need some time off."

He finished the potatoes and went back to the shrimp.

"Three days in Chicago, forty hours on the train, and one day in L.A. If you ride the Chief, of course, you get there a lot faster, but you have to work like the devil on the Chief. Nobody orders anything but steaks. Can you imagine frying 138 individual steaks for one lunch? That's really work.

"You figure, though, that this kind of a life is nice for a single man. No expenses hardly. Myself, I got a couple kids and a wife. We planning on moving to California one of these days. Most of the guys' families do eventually move to California. It's really nice up there, and the guys tell their families about it, and they decide to move up there."

He dug deep into the shrimp pot, found a large one and swallowed it.

"Myself, I got a couple of years to go yet before I get on the gravy run. That's just the reverse of what I'm on now. That way you spend most of your time in L.A. and just the one day in Chicago. Everybody signs up for it, though. There's a long list of guys waiting to get on the gravy run. I figure that's when I'll move my family out there. It's nice up there, but hot, like it is in the kitchen. I figure I'm pretty used to heat by now, though."

He got into the car and it moved slowly out of the yards.

quote of the month

Nelson Algren, enumerating his four rules for young writers on their way up or down: "Never play cards with a man called Doc. Never eat at a place called Mom's. Never sleep too long in a bed that's too short. Never sleep with a woman whose troubles are worse than your own."

overstocked

Early in May a drug store at North and Clark displayed a heart-shaped cameo with "Chicago" printed on it, depending from a pin with "Mother" written in gold wire. It was priced at $12.50. On the evening of Mother's Day it was still on the counter, reduced to $1.76. By the evening of Father's Day, there had been no further changes.

little white truth

A husband who calls and says he's down at the office just might be at The Office, a tavern at Chicago and Kildare.

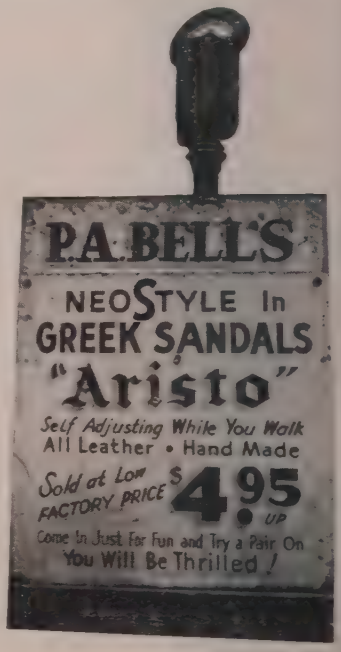
bargain debasement

A women's wear store in the Loop advertised: "200 ugly blouses, $1; 100 ugly skirts, $2."

the sandal maker from the Acropolis

Anyone visiting the shop of Panos the Sandal Maker at 1314 north Clark will, if he is not too hurried to listen, come away with a slightly deepened consciousness of early Greek and Roman history. For Panos does more than create and sell his products; he is so obsessed with his work that he gives with each purchase—or even if the visitor doesn't buy—a dissertation on sandals. This he delivers in a heavy, smooth voice, speaking with a gravity emphasized by occasional light references to topical events, to himself or even to his obsession. ("I suppose that if sandals are made in the other world, I will be making them.")

Panos Aris Bell (the Bell is his Greek name Anglicized) is a thick-bodied man of 73, with gray hair combed straight back and very intent brown eyes. Spread in the window of his shop, which is located in an old


P.A. BELL'S
NEO STYLE In
GREEK SANDALS
"Aristo"
Self Adjusting While You Walk
All Leather • Hand Made
Sold at Low FACTORY PRICE $4.95 UP
Come In Just For Fun and Try a Pair On
You Will Be Thrilled !

stone-front building, are a couple dozen pairs of Greek and Roman sandals. Inside are leather-sewing machines, a counter which he uses also as a workbench and, on racks and shelves, many pairs of sandals.

Panos works alone. He probably knows as much of sandal-making as anyone on earth. When he was seven years old he made his first pair—for himself—in his father's leathercraft factory at the northeast corner of the

Acropolis. He's been making them more or less constantly ever since.

At the age of nine, Panos left home. ("I wanted to show everybody what a smart kid I was. Oh, but I thought I was smart!") He remained in Athens, however, and learned to make shoes. At the age of 13 he set up his own shoe-repair business. But he found that he liked best to make sandals. He hadn't gone beyond fourth grade, but now he began attending night school, a practice he continued into adulthood. He studied design and singing and Greek dancing. He learned to play the piano, mandolin, flute and accordion. ("If I had the wind, I could still play the flute pretty well.") Yet all these ventures into the arts seemed to lead him back to sandal-making.

"I was fascinated by sandals," he said, rubbing a big hand over a piece of scarlet leather. "In sandals I found all the form and the color and beauty I wanted." When Panos makes such a statement the strength of his obsession strips the general words of all triteness. And when he pauses to glance out of the window it seems that in his eyes the shabby street has vanished: the trash-littered sidewalks and gutters and the grimy buildings plastered with advertising signs are gone. Doric columns of marble stand in the sunlight and before them passes a living frieze of graceful men and women and children, all in sandaled feet.

Panos brought his obsession to this country as a youth. Some of the sandal designs are his own, some are like those worn by Athenians promenading to the theater of Dionysius to see a play by Aristophanes or Euripides. Others are like those on Romans walking to the Colosseum to see gladiator kill gladiator. One design, the Orpheus, Panos sketched as a boy from the footwear sculptured on the centuries-old statue of the mythological Greek musician who journeyed into Hades in an attempt to regain his beloved Eurydice.

Panos never married. Once he might have. That was after he had for years operated a profitable shop in Los Angeles, where he employed six men. He sold out his shop, invested heavily in stocks, and bought passage to Greece. The stock market crash pauperized him before he could board his ship. Now, although he makes a comfortable living, he knows he can never complete his odyssey to the Greece he left so long ago. ("Unless I marry a rich widow.")

Recently a pretty russet-haired girl from Kansas City named Catherine Rose came into his shop. She was a little undecided about which kind of sandal she wanted.

"Look," said Panos. In one hand he held out a Roman sandal, in the other a Greek. And there, in a wordless instant, was displayed a basic difference between ancient Roman and Greek cultures. The Roman sandal was rather massive and ornate, with woven leather that hid most of the foot. The Greek was classic in its simplicity—merely a sole, with thongs that criss-crossed around the ankle. One of the thongs comes out of the sole and fits between the great and the second toe.

Miss Rose finally chose a Greek sandal of black leather. She sat in a chair and Panos fitted it to her foot. The thong between the toes flared slightly and was bound to the front of the ankle. A similar piece of leather was bound snugly against the Achilles tendon.

"That," said Panos, "is the Aristo. It is my father's design and I named it after him. He was a good man."

photographs by John Pownall

Panos Aris Bell, who has spent his life with and in sandals, works, left, in his shop on north Clark. Below, he takes a breather and gives one to his lightly-clad feet.

an interpretation of the rise of a poor boy from the West Side who has given a different meaning to organized politics:

Arvey

engineer of the new machine

by Elmer Gertz

For the fact that so many people pick the butt-end of Lake Michigan as a place to hold conventions, thanks are chiefly due to the last Ice Age, the ingenuity of James Watt, and other factors which converged to make this city the most convenient meeting-place on the continent.

But to the 2,500 political delegates gathered to select a candidate for the presidency, Chicago is the right choice on more relevant grounds. During their stay here, the delegates will be the guests of the local Democratic organization, which over the years has come to occupy a unique position among the big city machines of either party.

One of the ironic results of 20 years of Democratic presidencies was the erosion or complete collapse of all the major municipal machines, most of them Democratic. The Democratic party organization of Cook county is the only one which has survived the impact of the Depression, the New Deal, the dying-out of the old immigrant groups, wars, and the spread of prosperity among all social classes. The local machine has not only survived these events: it has in some respects grown stronger. In recent years it has proved not only able to resist reform movements such as triumph elsewhere, but able to supply a measurable degree of reform itself —and simultaneously to reach out for a position of leverage in national politics. Its strength is now felt all over the country, and might be brought to bear with decisive results at the convention.

All of these paradoxes are connected most centrally with the quietly genial, and deeply purposeful, figure of Col. Jacob M. Arvey. Once the boss, now emergent as the elder statesman, he has been always, at every stage of its construction and functioning, the engineer of the New Machine: that organization which, unlike those of Hague, Pendergast and Crump, knew that the elaborate social security systems of the New Deal were doing something permanent to the old ward politics of the fix and the handout. It was because of this awareness that the Chicago machine has been able to bridge the gap from the era of the oldtime boss to that of the welfare state. It is partly because of this awareness that Colonel Arvey has lately appeared as a figure of national—and in a few key cases, of international—importance, rather than as a local politician.

THERE ARE DRAB OFFICES, frequently in converted stores, in big cities all over the United States, which are as valid symbols of American society as log cabins or skyscrapers. One such is the office on Roosevelt road, just east of Independence boulevard, which for years has been the 24th ward headquarters of the Democratic party. Here, and in other locations at earlier periods, where he and his first law partners politicked at night, Arvey carried out the transformation of his neighborhood from a more or less Republican one to "the most Democratic ward outside the Solid South." He did this while discouraging graft and payoffs, making the machine's help to constituents as socially effective as possible—and meanwhile tabulating and pigeonholing those constituents with a bookkeeping zeal which is very much a part of his nature. He did it working with some of the best, but also some of the crudest materials of ward politics—the poverty of immigrants, the rancor of minority groups, the collusion of politicians, grafters and gangsters.

In the old days, there were Paddy Baulers all over the place, flamboyant and ramping. Young Arvey had two of them as his own mentors, the Rosenberg brothers, Mike and Moe; there were platoons of them in the Council and elsewhere in the City Hall and County building. Now even Paddy begins to seem hoarse and distant, a bellow from the Jurassic swamp where the dinosaurs of politics go to die, while in the present City Council there are a number of aldermen who are as diligent and responsible as Arvey was, and who match him in their general equipment for the job.

At 61, Arvey is a man whose most headlined associations are with presidents and presidential aspirants. But he was never one to disown any past acquaintance, and it is as an evolutionary link between the ward bosses

of a generation ago—including some of the most corrupt—and the welfare politicians of the new order—including some of the most idealistic—that he is significant.

Arvey fits few stereotypes, either as a man or as a politician. He is highly intelligent, but one suspects that he does not like intellectuals. He would rather play cards, or a round of golf, kibitz with his political cronies or his affluent friends, or some pseudo-celebrity of the day, than read a book or listen to music. One feels that he is more comfortable with people whose moral and mental superior he is, than with those who might be his equals, or whose way of life might be construed as a rebuke to a politician.

Short, bald, bespectacled, Arvey is the antithesis of the noisy, backslapping politician. He dresses well in a highly conservative fashion, wearing blue suits by preference, is genteel in manner and speech, and has at times a slight lisp.

Since the chief policy issue before the convention is desegregation, there is a note of minor drama in the fact that Arvey's old West Side neighborhood, the Lawndale district, which he made a model of benevolent bossism, is one of those that has recently been transformed by a new wave of displaced persons. Negroes from the Deep South have taken over the homes of earlier immigrants at the very time his party is trying to meet the challenge of the Negro problem on a national basis. And they have done so not without violence, and panic.

It is a matter of non-partisan interest, therefore, to explore what experience, and what point of view, the Colonel Arvey of Lincoln Park West and Miami Beach brings to bear on the problems of his party and his old neighborhood.

There is a common, even slightly stale, suggestion that Arvey is a man who went along as one of the party faithful, unperturbed by the company of gangsters and grafters, until he opportunely got religion with the coming of the New Deal or, alternatively, during his wartime service in the Pacific. What has not been highlighted hitherto is the arresting fact that Arvey, consciously or not, was heading for a career as a social-minded politician about the same time he was heading for a career as a machine one.

When only 20, long before he became the right hand man of Ed Kelly, before he became the heir-apparent of Mike and Moe Rosenberg – yes, and before anyone had heard of the New Deal—Arvey sat down one day to take the state bar examination. It included a question about the limits of eminent domain, which in layman's language is the right of a government to expropriate private property: a right to which the law, like the capitalist system, tends to give only a growling consent. But young Arvey was quick to find circumstances where the government's right to condemn and seize became—so he argued—more than a right: a duty, and "not only in the commercial sense, but in the sense of human values." His young opinion went on:

"Some pigpens are cleaner and more sanitary than many of our slums. In cases of this nature, it becomes the immediate duty of the government to condemn such property, and pay those who live there enough money to build homes in nearby neighborhoods. This is not altruism; it is sound investment in the public interest. The decrease in crime and disease, the increase in property values, the attraction of new populations, all more than pay for the cost of the condemnation."

This was written in 1915. The federal program which was to begin replacing slums along Roosevelt road with decent low-cost apartments—and which Ed Kelly and Jack Arvey supported to the point of forbidding aldermen to interfere with the location of the new developments by the housing authority—was still decades away. But these words are evidence that, just out of his teens, Arvey was already committed to supporting that program when it came, just as definitely as he was committed to personal success in terms of money, professional prestige and political power. And partly from the same pressures of environment.

Arvey was born and spent much of his youth, if not in a slum, at least in a poor neighborhood, among people who had the immigrant's drive to better themselves, and above all their children, in the New World.

LATE IN THE LAST century, large groups of East European Jews migrated to America; of those who

Left to right: Arvey as an alderman in 1937, shown rising unlike a phoenix from the streets of the 24th ward; the present headquarters of the ward's Regular Democratic organization near Roosevelt and Independence; the Belden-Startford hotel on Lincoln Park West, far from the 24th Ward, where Arvey now lives.

On election night in 1948, Arvey celebrated one of the high points of his career in the company of his two "blue ribbon" candidates, Adlai Stevenson and Paul Douglas.

came to Chicago, many settled in the area southwest of the present Loop, which became famous for the open-air market they set up on Maxwell street. Eventually, following a pattern familiar to all immigrants, as they prospered they moved north or south or farther west. Those who took the latter direction, concentrated mainly in the Lawndale district; in a few decades, there were about 100,000 Jews settled in some propinquity to Douglas park and Independence boulevard, and along the main artery, Roosevelt road. This is the 24th ward.

Jacob Arvey was born on November 3, 1895, fourth among seven children of Israel and Bertha Arvey. Both parents were devout (his father helped found one of the city's first synagogues), and Jacob experienced no rebellion against the orthodoxy of of their ways. (He never has: recently a rabbi at Miami Beach noticed that Arvey, unlike many communicants, did not leave the temple during the entire day of Yom Kippur service. When he remarked upon this to Arvey the latter, pleased, said simply that this was his lifelong habit).

With their religion, young Arvey experienced the poverty of his neighbors. He worked with his father, delivering milk in the tough Maxwell street area, until the elder Arvey died when the son was thirteen. Thereafter, young Jacob worked in a candy store with his mother, and then got a job as a delivery boy for a tailoring firm, at $3 a week. After grammar school, where he won debate and essay prizes, the youngster worked by day and went at night first to Crane Technical High and then to John Marshall, where he studied law.

Arvey's personality is one which inspires a notable unanimity of good will among those who know him, including large numbers of his political adversaries. His word carries full credit; people are prepared to act on it as on a contract. And without being a professional charmer, he generates a good deal of personal liking on brief acquaintance. These qualities must have been conspicuous in his youth, too: at this period they brought him friendships that had some influence on the turn his life took.

In the tailoring firm for which he worked, the bookkeeper, who had a law degree, took a fancy to the apt delivery boy and offered him coaching in the law to supplement his night classes. And at John Marshall, he found a professor named William Lindsay who was sufficiently sympathetic toward Arvey's brusk attitude about eminent domain to overlook occasional rough edges in his legal scholarship.

At the time he passed the bar examination, Arvey was offered the job of assistant bookkeeper in the tailoring firm, at $13 a week. He was also offered a clerkship, at $5 a week, in the office of John McInerney, the brilliant lawyer and personal friend of a rising young politician named Ed Kelly.

The financial alternatives were made gloomier by the fact that he had been going with a neighborhood girl—the Arvey family had by now moved to Lawndale—and wanted to marry her. With a scorn for the larger dollar which is not otherwise notable in his career, Arvey took the clerkship, and eloped with Edith Freeman. (Last June, with their daughter and two sons, they celebrated their 40th anniversary).

THE FIRST WORLD WAR brought out, without satisfying, another aspect of Arvey's nature: his bent for soldiering. After the United States mobilized, Arvey duly tried to enlist but was turned down because of a hernia. As an immediate outlet for his frustrated patriotism, he put his zeal into the selling of Liberty Bonds, at which he was a notably successful "four minute man." But this experience apparently failed to compensate for his missing service. After the war, he joined the National Guard and put in years of training with characteristic thoroughness. He was a National Guard captain when the Second World War broke out, and insisted, despite being over-age, on foreign service instead of a desk job in Washington. He emerged with the rank of Colonel, a title he relishes.

But that came later. In 1917, selling Liberty Bonds must have given Arvey a welcome sense of his flair for making friends and influencing people. Later, his old law teacher, William Lindsay, ran for a municipal judgeship as a Republican. Young Arvey, presumably under the droll impression that he was a Republican himself, went out and pushed doorbells for Lindsay, who won.

The illusion that he belonged to the other party was not entirely Arvey's fault. Many of the early immigrant groups automatically joined the party of the North, in whose big cities they had settled; the Democrats still stood for slavery and defeat. But as the newcomers adapted themselves to American life, they began gradually to identify the Republicans with control of the economic system, from which they sometimes suffered; the Democrats became the party of the disinherited. A new group of political leaders emerged from the "nationality groups," and increasingly they were Democrats. One of these was an alderman named Joseph O. Kostner, who had observed how effective Arvey was on behalf of Liberty Bonds and Lindsay; such a combination of brains, personableness and the will to take on the wearing routines of precinct politics marked a comer. Kostner brought Arvey into the office of State's Attorney Maclay Hoyne, and in 1919, after a year or two, he was appointed an assistant state's attorney.

For a certain kind of lawyer, aiming at a certain kind of success, there are two appointments which can make the ultimate goals a little easier to reach. Arvey had just gotten the first; the other, to the office of master-in-chancery, he was to obtain with brief delay.

A position as assistant state's attorney—which involves mainly prosecuting cases in court—is available strictly on the basis of political sponsorship. It provides a rich background of court experience and a variety of contacts, which can be made to pay off later on, when the young attorney goes on to private practice, to a political career, or like Arvey, to both.

Many political law firms are simply fronts for men who are only nominally lawyers, and in reality act as professional "fixers" and influence peddlers But Arvey, as his practice grew and earlier, was not willing to have political hangers-on as his law associates He wanted ability. The result was that he had some of the brightest young men of the profession handling the cases that came in. They gave value to clients when so-called pull failed. (Much of the time, even political lawyers depend upon the facts and the law. Besides, what hap

pens when two of them face each other?)

One of Arvey's earliest legal associations was with Samuel Epstein, son of an Orthodox rabbi in the 24th ward. At the end of the first year of their partnership, a fair division of the profits would have given Arvey exactly nothing. But Epstein insisted on an even split. This generosity paid handsome dividends for many years, since Epstein's practice, based upon real estate transactions and business deals, vanished following the stock crash in 1929, but Arvey's political clout then began to count, in the form of court appointments to represent receivers of real estate and banks. He was appointed a master-in-chancery in 1930, and held this influential position for four years, after which Epstein was appointed in his place.

When I was first employed by his firm, I would ask Arvey around election time: "Is there anything I can do, Jack?" He would answer: "Yes, practice law." When I acted as his assistant master-in-chancery, he insisted on going over every case with me, familiarizing himself with the law and the facts, and making an honest effort to deal justly.

The firm to which we belonged—its present name is Arvey, Hodes and Mantynband—began to prosper, financially and otherwise. When John L. McInerney, Ed Kelly's friend for whom Arvey had clerked some years before, came in as a partner for a period, it was even more firmly established. And then as now, it enjoyed considerable respect among other lawyers, purely on the grounds of professional competence.

Arvey's law firm for some years has been on LaSalle street in the Loop; but when he began practice, it was on the West Side, and he did more than practice law in it. After 5 p.m. every night, he and his associates practiced politics. The door was open for whoever wanted to come in, and they got what they asked for, ranging from free advice on social and economic problems to more tangible help—arrangements for medical aid, perhaps, or assistance in getting work or finding housing. There was never any charge for these services, of course, but they made friends, and the friends Arvey made have tended to remain such.

The cynical are convinced that no organization can win as many votes as Arvey's did in the 24th ward, unless ballots are stolen and other chicanery practiced. But Arvey advanced politically because he mastered the service method. He, and his precinct workers following his example, made themselves indispensable to the moderately-circumstanced people of the ward, whether they were Jewish as at first, or Negro, as later. They arranged for admission to the County hospital, or Mount Sinai or Rest Haven; they provided matzos, bread and coal for the needy; they took care of traffic tickets and talked to the right people when more serious problems developed. Each precinct worker was an extra member of any family in trouble.

The funds for all this vote-proliferating charity came from an annual outing, from local businessmen, from the precinct workers themselves.

WHEN MACLAY HOYNE, the state's attorney under whom Arvey had served, was turned down by the machine as a candidate for mayor, he determined to run in the primary anyway. Arvey decided to back him against the organization candidate. Hoyne was beaten but did well in the 24th ward.

This fact was not lost on Mike Rosenberg, the ward committeeman who with his brother Moe was boss of the 24th. Nor was the fact that the powerful Hoyne's bid against the machine had failed lost on Arvey, who likes to be effective. On the contrary, it made an impression which lasted through the years until he had once more to make a decision for or against an insurgent, Henry Horner. The immediate sequel to the Hoyne experience was that Arvey went from the opposition into the machine, and the machine at its crudest and most effective.

The Rosenberg brothers wielded more political power, and took in more money in the process, than most ward bosses even in the twenties. They were secret allies of the utilities magnate, Samuel Insull, and made a fortune trading in junk obtained on favorable terms from his companies. Mike Rosenberg held public office, and was a trustee of the Sanitary District as well as ward committeeman. His brother Moe, who succeeded him in the latter position, had once taken the rap for himself and others on a charge of receiving stolen property and for this reason was always afraid to run for office. But he helped Mayor Anton Cermak reorganize the Democratic Party in Chicago after Cermak took control of it, and until he died in 1933 while under indictment for income-tax evasion, Moe Rosenberg had a lot to say about who else held public office in the county and even in the state.

Arvey joined the Rosenbergs in 1924: an opportune time, as the ward organization was headed for something of a crisis. Coolidge and the Republicans carried it that year; in 1925, Mike Rosenberg died and Arvey began moving into the position of second-in-command to Moe. He opened a full-time, all-year-round office on Roosevelt road. Competence and painstaking in looking after the affairs of the ward and of individual

All pictures from International News Photos except buildings on page 25, Don Bronstein.

Each of these men has been something of a problem to Arvey. Clockwise from upper left: Arthur X. Elrod, committeeman of the 24th ward, who is not regarded as one of the more savory members of the county central committee; Dan Gilbert, the "world's richest cop," whose nomination for sheriff dragged down the Democratic county ticket in 1950; President Eisenhower, whom Arvey boomed for his party's nomination early in 1948 before switching to Truman and carrying Illinois for the entire ticket; Henry Horner, this state's only Jewish governor, whom Arvey opposed out of organization loyalty in the 1936 primaries.

constituents began in some measure to replace more elementary methods. The results showed:

In 1923, Arvey was first elected alderman; he got 5,558 out of 9,430 votes.

In 1939, the last time he stood for election, he got 20,279 out of 20,600 votes.

In 1936, the ward cast 26,112 votes for Roosevelt, 974 for Landon.

No wonder that Franklin Roosevelt once described Arvey's as "the number one ward in the entire Democratic party." No wonder, too, that his machine has sometimes been suspected of throwing votes to the local Republican workers, to keep them from looking too bad. (Said Al Horan, another West Side Democratic party leader: "I often think that the 25,000-margin Jack gives us in the 24th, costs us 50,000 votes from indignant voters in other parts of the town.")

Yet the old suspicions that used to attach to this achievement are hardly whispered any more: the personal loyalty Arvey built up was responsible, cemented by his espousal of the New Deal's social reforms when they came along—and this espousal was born as much from conviction, as his bar examination paper shows, as from political opportunism. Among the things which distinguished Arvey's attitude from Kelly's is the fact that Kelly's political conscience quickly went to sleep when it was not prodded. The Mayor pushed the housing program, because it was urgent and because Washington wanted it; he simultaneously let the school system be made a shambles by spoilsmen rather than interfere with the way things always had been in local politics. Arvey's political conscience, though not a martyr's, has been more consistent.

I had a personal illustration of the difference between Kelly's methods and Arvey's right after the war, when I was active in the campaign to get better housing, particularly for veterans. I met indifference in the State House, but not in the City Hall. One day Mayor Kelly phoned me and asked me to come to his office within a few minutes. He plunged immediately into a discussion of the housing situation, suddenly leaned over to me, and said: "Gertz, I don't care how much hell you raise. Step on my toes, step on the governor's toes, do anything you please, so long as it will produce housing." He named me to his emergency housing committee and whenever I reported that this alderman or that was obstructing the program, he made it a point to set whoever it was right, if necessary by a peremptory order.

When I had occasion to turn to Arvey for support at a certain stage, the approach was quite different. He summoned all the key officeholders of the party by telegram to a meeting so that I could present a report to them. Nobody was ordered to do anything as a result—but they unanimously endorsed the proposals laid before them.

DURING THE THIRTIES, Arvey's quiet power in the party's inner circles burgeoned as fast as his law practice. As head of the Council's finance committee, he was crucially responsible for restoring the credit of the city, debauched as it had been by Big Bill Thompson and the Depression. His mastery of the municipal budget, and his prestige among his fellow-aldermen, made him indispensable to Kelly. Then, in 1936, a notable event in local politics occurred, about which Arvey made a decision that has been called the best and worst of his career. Whichever it was at bottom, the upshot saw Arvey accepted as an equal leader of the machine along with Pat Nash and Ed Kelly.

The event was the revolt of Governor Henry Horner against the organization. He had expected to be renominated for governor, and when he was passed over in favor of Herman Bundesen, he decided to run anyway. Horner had powerful connections, and his campaign split the party wide. Like Arvey, he was a Jew, and the matter of loyalty on this basis was invoked. It was put to Arvey that in other ways, too, he was closer to Horner's position than to the machine's.

Arvey made his decision in terms of party loyalty, and committed himself to carrying his ward, still almost wholly Jewish, for the organization and against Horner. Even the neighborhood rabbis failed to change his mind when they called on him as a group, and apparently even the rabbis finally voted for Bundesen—he carried the ward by a ratio of ten to one. Elsewhere, Horner triumphed, but Arvey's loyalty led to his acceptance by Nash and Kelly as an equal leader of the party. Subsequently he took the initiative in arranging a reconciliation between these leaders and Horner.

The fact that he was able to do this can be explained by a remarkable anecdote of the campaign. One evening, when they were leaving a non-political meeting, Horner put his arm around Arvey and walked out with him. The alderman felt a little self-conscious, and said: "You know, Governor, I am not with you." To which Horner replied: "I know that you aren't, Jack, but you are one of the few who have never told me that they would be with me."

This episode lifted Arvey to a plateau of prestige and influence on which he has lived ever since, and which, like his handsomely furnished apartment high in a lake front hotel, conveys a pleasant sense of elevation, together with a view of far horizons which is both soothing and alluring. It is not impossible, although he has not said so, that the last years of the thirties were in part a period of reflection and stock-taking during which the former ward boss, having successfully consolidated his position, was able to look at where he had been and where he was going.

Whatever introspection Arvey may have indulged in, along with his legal and political activities, his bridge and horseback riding and his frequent jaunts to Miami, was interrupted by the second World War. He had missed one conflict, for which he had been the right age, through sickness; now, although he was over-age and by no means in perfect health, he determined not to miss the second. Like a maverick alderman named Paul Douglas, who had been baiting the Democratic party regulars in the City Council for years, Arvey turned down the prospect of a job in Washington, waved away deprecating remarks about his age and health, and went off. His was not front-line service, but it was something vastly different from a chairborne command on the Potomac—or from the assorted hotel rooms in which a lawyer-politician can easily pass much of his time. Arvey was with the judge advocate-general's department of the 33rd division, Illinois National Guard, and emerged with the Bronze Star and the Legion of Merit.

WHEN HE RETURNED, it was to enter a hospital. He was 50, and the rigors of army life were no trifle to a man as conscientious about his work as Arvey. He underwent a gastric resection for duodenal ulcers which left him with "one-third of a stomach." It took him well in to 1946 to recuperate. When he returned to Chicago from a prolonged convalescence his—and his wife's—determination that he should get out of politics for good were almost as great as his determination to get in much more deeply if on a higher level, than ever before.

Mayor Kelly was close to 70, and the Democratic party was in a visible state of disrepair. The chairmanship of the Cook County central committee was Arvey's for the asking, and since he kindly but firmly refused to ask for it, he got it on his own terms. Those were such that he was free to make decisions which in a few

years resuscitated the local machine and—not incidentally—were beneficial, in their varying degrees, to the city, the state and the nation.

The problem of getting Kelly to break a 12 year habit of being mayor was not an easy one to solve. Arvey was able to do so because Kelly was confident of his good faith. When Arvey publicly announced he would support the Mayor, if the Mayor decided to seek re-election, the newspapers were vitriolic in what they said editorially about the new party chairman and his supposed interest in better government. Kelly read the editorials, got the point and quit. Arvey had Martin Kennelly waiting in the wings.

It is a mistake, however, to imply —as is now commonly done—that everything was deftly stage-managed from the beginning by Arvey; first with Kennelly, then with Douglas and Adlai Stevenson. The Colonel is not Machiavelli (who, incidentally, was a failure at practical politics); he is a deft and imaginative politician with a knack for reading the signs of the times.

Sometimes he reads them badly. Knowing how close he now is to President Truman, it is sometimes difficult to realize that in 1948 he was one of those who talked of substituting General Eisenhower as the candidate of the Democrats. In fact, Arvey became convinced that Eisenhower would agree to this proposal, and was

In 1947, some reform candidate was essential for a Democratic victory in the mayoralty election; Kennelly was given the nod over Paul Douglas and Richard Daley only after considerable pressure had been brought to bear on his behalf. In view of the fact that Kennelly was ultimately dumped by the machine in favor of Daley, it might be said that Arvey had not chosen well; his defenders urge that at the time Kennelly represented precisely as much reform as Chicago would stand.

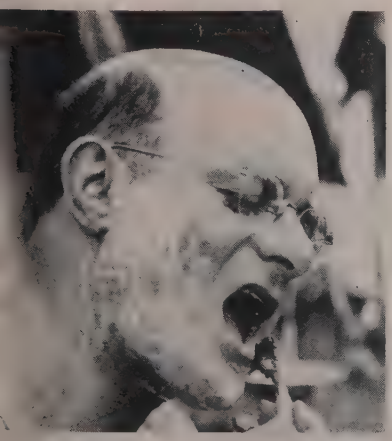
As for Douglas, he was moved around on the chessboard from candidate for the mayoralty, to potential governor, to actual Senator. The final decision to run him certainly represented a selection almost wholly on the basis of merit, and it was fundamentally Arvey's.

The case of Stevenson is different. The notion that his nomination and campaign were a production by Colonel Arvey is no longer entertained seriously, but the facts are worth recounting. The political potential of the man from Bloomington was brought to Arvey's notice by associates of Stevenson; with acquaintance, friendship ripened, but Stevenson was not, strictly speaking, Arvey's discovery as a politician—primarily, he was probably Stevenson's. The fact that he actually got the nomination for governor in 1948, however, was Arvey's doing.

In 1952 the Colonel, like everybody Arvey wanted to be there, if the candidacy could be drummed up, but he gave his word to Stevenson that he would do nothing to promote it, and he kept his word, as he always does. Only after Stevenson let it be known that he would not turn down the nomination, did Arvey know that the stage was set. And then he certainly became as helpful as anyone in the final drive.

In a sense, Arvey's greatest service to Stevenson has been that he made no demands upon him either as a governor or as a candidate for the presidency. Today, he is primarily a political friend in whose judgment Stevenson has a good deal of confidence. There are people close to Stevenson who want the former governor not to be too close to Arvey, and there are people close to Stevenson for whom Arvey has no love.

In a very real sense, Arvey's political fortunes are independent of the course of events at the convention. His position as an elder statesman is secure, not only locally, but in the national councils of the party. He entered politics as an intellectual ("the only guy in the Council who ever read a book") among hoodlums and boodlers—a fact which, to a degree, gave him more prestige than this fact alone would earn today. He combined party loyalty, personal integrity and a social conscience in a prolonged, patient and pretty successful campaign to bring the machine abreast of the



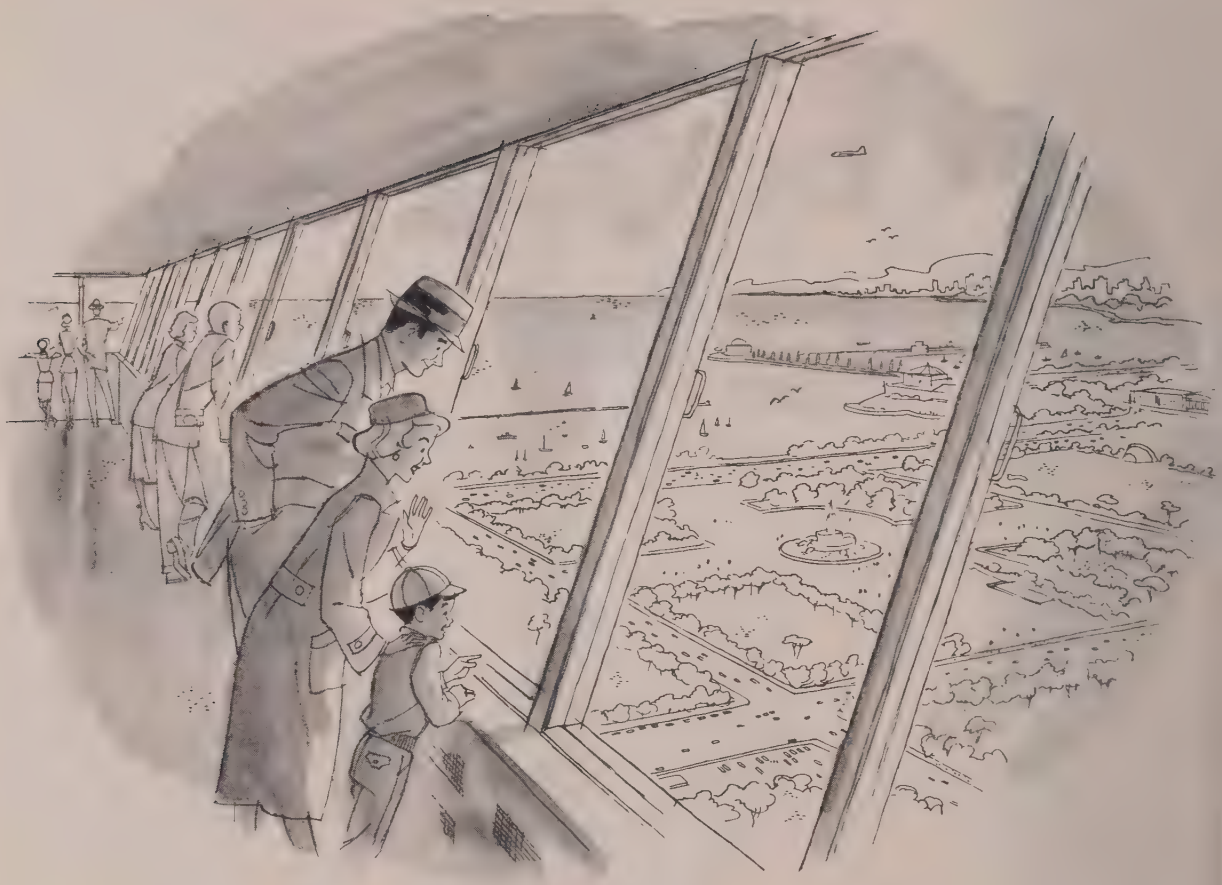
lderman having an outdoor shave during al Guard maneuvers in 1939. His division was ed in 1941, and he spent two years in the receiving the Legion of Merit and Bronze Star.

Prototype of a political huddle. Arvey talks things over during the 1948 convention in Philadelphia with Alderman George Kells, center, chairman of the Illinois State Central committee, and Mayor Edward J. Kelly. A few years later Kells, committeeman of another West Side ward, was forced out of politics by hoodlum pressure in a scandal never completely explained.

stunned when instead the general decisively ruled himself out. Arvey was at his most pragmatic—and most effective—when he immediately turned around, organized a huge and successful rally for Truman in Chicago, and proceeded to carry the city and the state for him against Dewey.

else in the know, became convinced that Stevenson was sincere in his reluctance to run for President. Stevenson *was* sincere; so much so, as anyone who reads Truman's recent autobiography knows, that in the end the President and all the professionals got thoroughly disgusted with him.

times. Now, still flourishing and effective, he can look at a political scene in which his mistakes and compromises seem less important than the health of his party, and the fact that it is better represented in the City Council and in Congress than it has been for many years. ■



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I fled the suburbs

a young businessman who moved back to the city tells why he did it and why he's glad.

by Ralph J. Wood, jr.

Sunday editions of all the newspapers these days are filled with invitations to "own your own home *in the suburbs,*" "move to freedom *in the suburbs,*" "relax in your own yard *in the suburbs.*"

Is there anything to this copy? What is the truth behind it? Frankly, I'd like to suggest that every one of these ads is correct, if you delete the last three words: "in the suburbs." It is just possible that suburbia is a myth. Let's examine the facts in the light of my own experience.

Some three and a half years ago, I found myself living in a second floor North Side apartment with my wife and two-year-old daughter. We were expecting another child shortly. We felt a little crowded in our single-bedroom unit, and being tired of throwing money "down the rent-hole," we were easy prey for the propaganda inviting us to slow down and live in the country.

So, with great joy and expectations, we put $900 down on a two-bedroom, single-bath ranch house in a southwest suburb. On the day after Thanksgiving, 1952, we drove out and occupied our dream house in suburbia.

At last we had it made, we felt. Lots of time for family living, lots of time for relaxation; away from the dirt and grime, away from the hustle and bustle, away from the noise and clatter; time to socialize and get to know our neighbors, time to be a part of the neighborhood scene.

We were going to really live. We knew our house wasn't ideal, but we could expand, or get a bigger and better house in suburbia later on—as our finances improved. We felt, at last, that we had arrived.

However, it didn't take us long to find that we were in the right church but the wrong pew. In other words, owning our own home was wonderful, and the thing to do, but *not in a suburb.* We had discovered that suburbia was a myth.

After some study of the situation, we corrected our position by moving into the right pew—on Valentine's Day of this year we moved back to Chicago, where, with little more than double our previous down payment, we now own our own house on the Southeast Side with more than double the space in our previous home. We feel that it made good sense.

Let's just look at the logic of our decision. For one thing, we found that in suburbia we did not have the time we thought we would have for family living and relaxation. We found that industry had spread outside the city because of weak zoning laws and we got just as much dirt and grime as Chicago. As for noise, we found that between the airliners from Midway flying through our living room, the drive-in movies and the Wabash Cannonball steaming through the neighborhood, Chicago was in many respects quieter. And our friends in northern suburbs tell us the noise of jets in their area makes Chicago seem calm and peaceful by contrast.

As for the socializing with our neighbors, we found that I spent so much time traveling between suburbia and my work in Chicago that we seldom had time to see them. In regard to local social action, or politics, we found that we were accepted in local organizations for our hard work, but the old guard founders of suburbia still ran the show. In other words, we didn't get much to say about local action.

Let's consider categorically some of the reasons why we moved back to Chicago.

Time: This is one thing you have which is all yours, and it's probably the most valuable commodity you'll ever own. By moving back to Chicago, I cut out hours of travel time

Ralph Wood's neighborhood on the South Side. *Don Bronstein photo*

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that I can now spend with my family. I can drive to the University of Chicago, where I have a substantial insurance business with faculty members, in about 15 minutes. This is roughly one quarter of the time it took before we moved. I can get home for lunch, which I couldn't do before. I can drive to my Loop office in about 25 minutes, less than one-half of the time it took before. I've found time to become reacquainted with my family.

The city's cultural facilities might have been located in Nome, Alaska, for all the use we got out of them when we lived in the suburbs. Trips to the theater were major projects, with problems like transportation and the scarcity of baby sitters. One of the sadder symbols of suburban life is the little group in any theater or concert audience that gets up at the climax of the performance and edges furtively out of the house to catch the last train home.

Back in Chicago we can get to the theater often and stay until the curtain falls.

Schools: In the suburbs, my five-year-old would have had to wait until fall to go to kindergarten. Since the school district could no longer afford kindergartens in the public schools, I would have had to send her to a private one. The school to which she has been going in the city is exceptionally uncrowded; there are no double sessions, and no need for them in the foreseeable future. The school is four short blocks away and the corners are well-patroled by women crossing guards. There are no long school bus rides and no waiting before and after school for buses.

Transportation: In the suburb, we had to drive or walk about three-quarters of a mile to the local railroad station. There was exactly one train downtown a day, at about 7 a.m. and exactly one train back in the evening, at about 6. Or, I could drive about 20 minutes to the Rock Island station, where, if I could find a parking space, I could get a wide range of trains about 16 hours a day. I could get to the train by bus, if I was lucky, for they ran about every half-hour, twelve hours a day. By public transportation, it took me one and a half to two hours to get to my office downtown during the right hours, and almost that long to get to my field work at the university.

Now, back in Chicago, I walk about five blocks to the I.C. and am downtown in 21 minutes, or in the field in 15 minutes. Trains run 24 hours a day, and there is regular CTA transportation around the clock.

Municipal services: In the suburbs, we depended on volunteer firemen with limited equipment. In Chicago, in seconds after a phone call we could have the finest fire equipment and staff to serve our needs.

In suburbia, we had to rely on a partly volunteer and partly paid, under-manned, ill-trained and under-equipped police department.

About four o'clock one morning a neighbor of mine had to rush his pregnant wife to the hospital. He went out and started the car, left the engine running and went back upstairs to help her finish the preparations. When he went back out he found the engine shut off, the keys missing and a note on the windshield from the police informing him that it was illegal to leave a car with the engine running, and that he could pick up his keys on the following Saturday when the part-time police station would be open. He had to practically knock down the house next door to rouse somebody and beg a ride to the hospital.

In Chicago we have a professionally-trained police force in full operation 24 hours a day. Some of its members may have their faults, but if they saw a car running and a light in the house, they wouldn't be likely to walk off with the keys before asking any questions.

Water, or the lack of it, was a tremendous problem in suburbia. We had the good fortune to live on the first floor, so we could take showers in the summer if we waited till about 2 a.m. when the pressure was high enough. People who lived in second-floor apartments had it even worse.

And we paid dearly for our meager water supply. Like many of the suburbs, ours bought its water from Chicago at the same rate city residents pay, then sold it to us at a markup. We wouldn't have minded that if the profits had been used to build a reservoir to store water during the night for use during the day. But this revenue was diverted to other uses that had nothing to do with the water supply.

In Chicago our water rates are about the lowest in the country; there is enough pressure for household use at all times and we can even water the grass.

Garbage collection was another bad problem when we lived outside the city. The government didn't concern itself with this function at all. We had to pay high and constantly increasing rates to a private scavenger firm. And they were picky about what they'd collect. They wouldn't take grass, or shrubs or glass, or large pieces of wood, such as furniture crates. If you had anything like that

you had to wait for a dark night, load it in the car and drop it in a nearby prairie.

We lived on a paved street in the suburbs, but one without any lights. There were unpaved streets nearby, and others that had been paved so poorly that they were breaking up after a few years of light use. Although our neighborhood in the city is a newly developed one, it has a complete system of streets, lights and sidewalks.

Unlike some of our suburban neighbors, we had a sewer—and we paid a monthly fee to defray the cost of its installation. Even so, it was better than having a septic tank. But when the floods of 1954 came, we were inundated despite our sewer.

The septic tank, a common device in the suburbs, is very tricky. It's a container buried somewhere in the yard that is supposed to receive sewage and then let it seep gradually into the ground. When the ground becomes moist, the seepage really gets gradual. A housewife can only do one load of washing a day, because the tank won't take any more. Other precautions against overloading the tank have to be taken.

Back in Chicago, where septic tanks are unknown, we have good sewage and drainage systems at no extra charge.

Medical service was another suburban problem, with a limited number of doctors available and one overloaded hospital staff to service a large and growing community. In Chicago we are close to several top hospitals, and hundreds of doctors are minutes from our door.

Before we returned to the city, we sometimes had occasion to wonder just where we lived. Our water service came from one suburb, the mail from another. Near our house was a dangerous intersection where three suburbs came together. When there was an accident the police from all three towns were known to assemble at the corner and then argue about who had jurisdiction.

Taxes: In most suburbs, taxes are high and getting higher, but they always lag behind the community's needs. Such services as a suburb has become available to a new resident as soon as he moves in, but it is usually a matter of several months before he is assessed and billed for taxes. In the meantime a lot of other newcomers have reached the same "free loading" status, and in an expanding community this lag goes on and on.

There is a similar but even more severe time spread where the schools are concerned. Because increases in enrollment are tabulated annually, it often takes a year and a half for state aid to catch up with a new pupil.

The comparatively small amount of industry in many of the suburbs is felt in tax revenues, placing a much greater burden on the home owner. Furthermore, many of the country towns have attracted factories by giving them concessions on taxes.

In Chicago, with more than twice the house, we have less than twice the taxes, along with better services.

Physical surroundings: Suburbia was supposed to be a land of green grass and soaring trees. In our village, the only trees were skinny saplings planted in new yards; there were no parks nearby and the nearest forest preserve was a healthy drive away.

In Chicago we are one block from a well-kept park with lots of playground equipment, beautiful grass and sturdy trees. The streets of our neighborhood are also lined with shade trees and green lawns.

In suburbia we sweltered through the hot summers. Nights were stifling. Back in the city, we enjoy the cool, refreshing breezes off the lake.

The future: We have found what we were looking for in Chicago. Better yet, we know we won't lose it, because Chicago has the strong city government, full-time officials, plan commissioners and laws to keep what we have and improve it.

Suburbia, on the other hand, in our experience had weak government, little or no future planning, poor law enforcement and generally inefficient operation.

Many of the defects of suburbia might be excused as growing pains if there were any indication of a coherent plan for dealing with them in the future. Instead, it seemed that the suburbanites were running away from old problems just to create new ones of the same nature.

Where we lived there were already signs of coming slum conditions. Worse, there was little realization that a blight problem would soon exist, and consequently no plan to combat it. In contrast, there is a growing awareness in Chicago that good neighborhoods must work to retain their character before deterioration begins.

We find that we are not the only people who have seen the light. Many friends and acquaintances of ours have left the suburbs and moved back to Chicago. Experts like Philip Hauser of the University of Chicago tell us that the trend is slowly turning this way, that in ten or 20 years we shall see the city as "the place to live."

We're glad we got back in on the ground floor. ■

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(FOR JULY)

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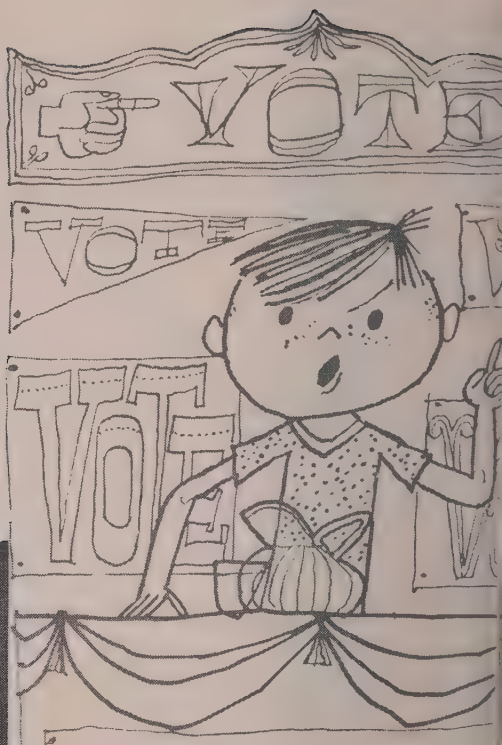

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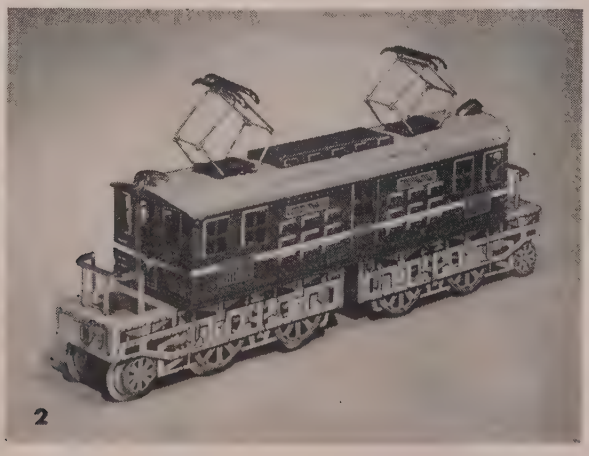

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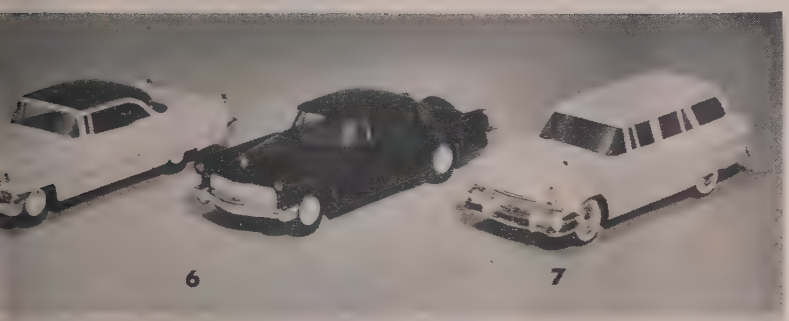

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HOT TIMES IN THE OLD TOWN

historic and hilarious happenings have marked the 21 national political conventions held in ten local halls since Lincoln rose from the Wigwam in 1860.

by Alan Whitney

On the hundreth anniversary of the two-party system, the Democrats are playing it safe and the Republicans are living dangerously. The former group is choosing its presidential nominee in the old pro of convention cities, the one with by far the best record for producing winners. The GOP, on the other hand, is depending on a rookie whose sole effort has been a losing one.

When Jefferson's political heirs assemble at the International Amphitheater August 13, they will perform for the 32nd time a rite unknown to the party's founder. National conventions were not held during the country's infancy because they weren't needed. The founding fathers or their designated protégés were accepted without argument as the logical candidates, up to the end of the "Jefferson dynasty" in 1824.

About that time the nation began pushing west from the seaboard, with consequent diffusion of political strength. Potential candidates rose in places like Tennessee and Kentucky, as well as Virginia and Massachusetts. In 1824 four candidates got substantial electoral votes, but none of them came close to a majority. Pursuant to the constitution, the election went to the House of Representatives. There the Henry Clay people threw in with the John Quincy Adams group to give Adams the victory over Andrew Jackson, who had been the leading candidate.

Nobody wanted the House to make a habit of doing what the people were supposed to do, so steps were taken to fit the political machinery to the desired end. The convention system was the key development of this transition, working in two ways to assure elections in which there would be an immediate winner. The convention provided a forum at which groups with similar interests could agree on one national candidate, and it served as a focal point for the campaign—a seminar on issues to be stressed and techniques to be employed for the success of the party.

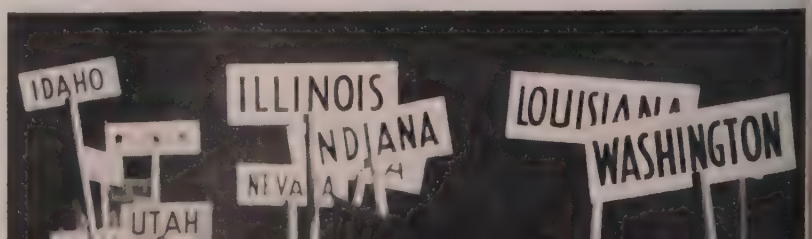
The convention system was born in the 1830's and evolved through the '40's so that when 1856 brought the Republican party, and the political alignment that has existed ever since, conventions had essentially the same structure that they have now.

Since 1856 there have been 25 national conventions of each major party, and 21 of the 50 have been held in Chicago. The local assemblies have produced 13 winners and eight losers; conversely the record of the 11 other convention cities taken as a group has been 12 victories and 17 defeats. Chicago has been about equally good for each of the parties, providing the Republicans with eight wins and five losses, and giving the Democrats five victors against three runners-up.

On four occasions, both parties have met here in the same year, so that half of Chicago's losing nominees have been the victims of other local choices. In those years when a Chicago product has gone against an outside candidate, the former has won nine times and lost on four occasions.

In 1912 the Republican and Bull Moose parties both met here and split the GOP vote, enabling the Democrats to win. Thus only three of the losses by local nominees have been without mitigation.

The country has had only five presidents in a hundred years who



Picture credits: All International News photos except those on page 38: left to right, Chicago Historical society (2), Chicago Public library.

completed their careers without ever being nominated for the office here or receiving locally a vice-presidential berth that led to the presidency.

San Francisco's only previous convention was the Democratic one in 1924, which nominated James M. Cox, who lost by a margin of nearly two to one in popular vote.

Chicago's 21 conventions have been held in ten different halls, four of which still stand. They have produced 13 presidents (three of them vice-presidential nominees who succeeded presidents dying in office), and a much larger number of whimsical and bizarre incidents that have come to be expected as standard sideshows for the quadrennial spectaculars.

The practice of gallery manipulating has known myriad variations; oratory has ranged from the noblest to the most vulgar. The course of history has been changed more than once by events that seemed insignificant when they happened. Fact has repeatedly made fiction seem ordinary by comparison: incredible as it may seem to viewers of the 1952 conventions, with their interminable polling of delegations, 18 ballots were once taken in the space of four hours.

CHICAGO had just reached the 100,000 population mark in 1860 when it received with surprise and delight the news that it was to house its first national convention. The city was growing furiously and already there were predictions that it would one day rank high among the urban centers of the world. But that stature was far from achieved. Even within the Midwest the city had to look up to St. Louis and Cincinnati, and to Easterners it was little more than a frontier outpost.

That very obscurity, in fact, was the chief reason the Republicans chose to meet here. Chicago was looked upon as neutral ground by supporters of the various Eastern candidates, none of whom took Lincoln very seriously as a presidential possibility.

The whole city got involved in the task of providing a suitable hall for the convention and arranging for comfortable accommodation of its guests. A wooden building was hastily erected at what is now the southeast corner of Lake and Wacker and called the Wigwam, presumably in acknowledgement of the fact that it wasn't constructed to last forever.

A young men's group named the Wide Awakes was organized to escort people around the city and help find accommodations for them. When the 42 hotels in town had filled their guest rooms, sleeping space was rented on floors and billiard tables.

On the eve of the convention, William H. Seward of New York, who would later be Lincoln's secretary of state, was acknowledged as the leading candidate. His backers arrived by the thousands and promptly began holding sumptuous parades and street meetings. Horace Greeley, the eminent Eastern publisher and Western booster, was unable to get into the New York delegation because he opposed Seward, but he obtained a proxy from an Oregon delegate and represented that state in the deliberations. On the night before the convention opened a prankster pinned a Seward badge to the back of Greeley's coat, but that laugh on their chief rebel was the closest thing to satisfaction that the New Yorkers got out of the convention.

There were two galleries in the Wigwam—One for "ladies and gentlemen accompanied by ladies," the other for unconsorted gentlemen. On the first day of the convention the Seward men marched to the Wigwam en masse and took over the men's gallery almost completely.

They also penetrated the coed section effectively, but not before a group of enterprising girls had contributed famously to establishing the city's reputation for hustling strangers. The young ladies loitered around the entrance to the distaff gallery hiring themselves out as escorts. They would take several guests in for a stiff price, then go back out and pick up another lucrative load. The only difficulty was encountered by an Indian squaw who attempted to ply this trade. Despite the name of the building, police refused her admission on the ground that she was not a lady.

Through the early sessions of the

Souvenirs of the 19th century: Left, "The Gentleman from Michigan has the floor" was the caption for commentary on hotel crowding published in *Harper's Weekly* in 1880. Below, the Exposition building, on the present site of the Art Institute, which housed four conventions during the '80s. Right, Bryan made his "Cross of Gold" speech in the old Coliseum at 63rd and Harper, stampeding Democrats in 1896.

convention nothing happened to change the impression that Seward had the nomination wrapped up. But just as that result was about to be made official through balloting, a delay was caused by the fact that the printer had not yet delivered the official tally sheets. The roll call of states was thus postponed to the next day.

That night a discouraged Greeley wired his paper: "Seward will be nominated on the first ballot tomorrow morning." Even as he was transmitting that message, however, the Lincoln men were out working to ruin his scoop. They labored through the night visiting delegates in the hotels with the plea that no Eastern candidate could win. They argued that downstate sections of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania had been populated by rural migrants from the border states and the South, that these people would only support one of their own kind, not a representative of the urban, industrial seaboard.

The missionary work completed, the Illinois men roused the local ward politicians and had them bring the faithful to the Wigwam. When the Seward parade arrived the next morning, it found the galleries packed with those of the rail-splitting persuasion.

Sentiment turned to Lincoln that day, and he was nominated on the third ballot.

Chicago's joy was unconfined. To the honor of housing its first convention was added the greater achievement of placing its favorite son at the top of the ticket. All through the night bands marched in the streets, followed by shouting crowds. Fireworks were set off six weeks before Independence Day. A cannon was raised to the roof of the Tremont House at Lake and Dearborn and fired repeatedly until dawn.

Mayor "Long John" Wentworth, who had earlier served several terms as a Democratic Congressman, lived in a building across the street from the Tremont. A number of Lincoln delegates were lodged in the apartment above his. Their champagne victory party became so riotous that plaster fell on "Long John" while he was in bed.

Principle meant more than party to Wentworth throughout his long political career, and by the time of the next Chicago convention he was favorably disposed toward the group which had dropped the ceiling on his elongated person. A Jacksonian Democrat in economic and political philosophy, he supported the Republicans on the slavery issue and took a strong stand for vigorous prosecution of the Civil War.

The city was charged with tension in 1864 when the Democrats gathered here to pick an opponent for President Lincoln. The party was united in favor of Gen. George B. McClellan as its candidate, but sharply divided on the question of platform—whether to push for total victory in the war or attempt a negotiated peace with the South. The atmosphere of edginess was compounded by the presence of Clement L. Vallandingham, leader of the Copperheads—pro-Southern Democrats who bitterly opposed Lincoln and openly propagandized against carrying on the war.

Vallandingham had just sneaked back through the Confederate lines, after having been exiled to the South, and nearly the entire police force was assembled to keep order when he spoke in Court House square at Randolph and Clark on the Saturday evening before convention week. The pro-Rebel spokesman held forth long and eloquently in favor of states' rights, claiming that the federal government had no right to "coerce" any state into doing anything. After his talk was over the crowd began calling out "Long John," demanding that the former mayor give an answer. Wentworth mounted the platform and in a brief but persuasive talk reminded Vallandingham of Jackson's action in preventing South Carolina's "nullification" of federal power. "Withdraw the right of coercion and you dissolve your government," declared "Long John," and most people agreed that he had carried the day.

Vallandingham was by no means the only haranguer at large in the city that night. From hotel balconies and other vantage points crowds were addressed by speakers with such sobriquets as The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, Sunset Cox, The Bald Eagle of the Ozarks and Dirty Shirt Dear.

These pep rallies have all but disappeared as corollaries of the conventions, but they were integral parts of the institution as it existed throughout the latter half of the 19th century. Early in the period they were held partly for the purpose of giving the

convention visitors something to do at night. Because of the difficulty of lighting the large halls effectively, evening sessions were rare, and there was plenty of time for separate rallies.

But the meetings were far from being merely recreational. The entire era was one of bitterly contested elections. Although the Republicans elected most of the presidents, their victories were often slim ones. In four consecutive elections from 1876 to 1888 the winner's margin never reached one per cent of the vote, and two of the electoral college victors lacked popular pluralities. This was a period, also, of grass roots campaigning. Not only were radio and television far in the future, but few newspapers made any pretense of covering politics objectively. The only way to get a straight story on a candidate's views was from his mouth or those of his supporters. People therefore made long journeys to convention sites merely to hear the outside speeches, whether or not they had any real hope of being admitted to the halls.

There were about 18,000 people inside and lots more outside when the Democratic convention began in 1864. The hall was another temporary frame structure, built for the occasion on the east side of Michigan near Park Row (now 11th street) and dubbed the Amphitheater but popularly called the Wigwam.

Although criticism of the war did not result in the expected violence, a portion of the men's gallery collapsed, inflicting minor injuries on 50 of its occupants. The convention transacted its business quickly, choosing General McClellan for president without even putting other names in nomination.

GALLERY SEATS were at a premium in 1868 when the Republicans came to town to formalize the nomination of Gen. U. S. Grant. The convention was held in Crosby's Opera House on the north side of Washington between State and Dearborn, and after the delegates had been seated, there was room for less than 2,000 spectators.

The "Radical" Republicans, those who favored a tough attitude toward the South, arrived in town furious over the frustration a few days before of their attempt to remove President Andrew Johnson. Seven GOP senators had stuck with Johnson, and the impeachment move had failed by one vote to get the necessary two-thirds majority for conviction.

Senator John A. Logan, a black-mustached product of Little Egypt who had a long career as Republican boss of Illinois, spoke at the Tremont House, referring to his colleagues as "damned traitors" and "the seven vile scamps."

Logan and his counterparts from other states had no illusions about Grant's qualities as a statesman, but they knew he would be a hell of a candidate, and alternative selections were hardly even mentioned.

The absence of any serious question about the nominee, and the mild weather that prevailed, lent an air of lightheartedness to convention week. One afternoon notices were posted in the leading hotels announcing a mass meeting for delegates and the public that night at which "important business will be transacted." The address given, 112 west Randolph, was quickly recognized as that of a prominent faro dealer. A temperance advocate from Massachusetts was noticed drinking straight whiskey in the bar of the Sherman House. He explained that abstinence was all right in his home state, where the booze was no good anyway, but would not do in a place as well supplied with good liquor as Chicago.

The Great Fire of 1871 put Chicago out of the convention business for a while, but by 1880 the city was ready to accommodate the first attempt to break the third term tradition. The first permanent building resembling a conventional hall was also ready, and it represented a great advance over the rude structures used by the first two conventions.

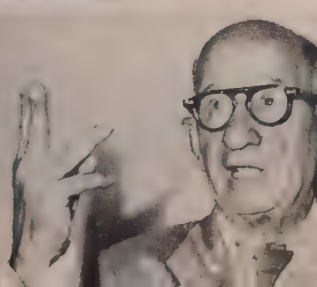
After the fire the merchants of the city had subscribed $250,000 to erect the Exposition building, an ornate structure with peaked glass roof on the site of the present Art Institute. For this occasion its ceiling was draped with an American flag 280 feet long.

After General Grant's second term was completed in 1876, the Republicans had run Rutherford B. Hayes, who won a disputed election with a minority of the popular vote. He took himself out of the race for a second term, and a substantial group in the party was anxious to try again with meal ticket Grant, though the scandals of his administration had undoubtedly contributed to the resurgence of the Democrats.

The Grant men, also called Stalwarts, arrived in town vowing to "fight it out on that line if it takes all summer," and for a while it looked as if the Battle of Vicksburg would be emulated on the lakefront. An equally stubborn group advocated the cause of James G. Blaine of Maine, an able, ruthless politician known as the Great Commoner, the Plumed Knight and by various far less complimentary names.

The first ballot gave Grant 304 votes and Blaine 284, with 379 needed for the nomination. The second produced almost the same result, as did the third and the fourth and fifth. Eighteen ballots were taken during a single four-hour session, there being only three requests for polls of delegations during that period. Ten more ballots were taken later in the day, with no substantial change in alignment.

The next day the Blaine people met



Left to right, a quartet of convention cut-ups: Huey Long, who reviled a lady for being too fat in 1932; Thomas D. Garry, the "Voice from the Sewer" of 1940; "Billy Goat" Sianis, proprietor of a saloon across the street from the Stadium and perennial prankster at conventions there from 1932 to 1944; Marcelino Romani, the Puerto Rican delegate who stopped the Republicans' show four years ago.

Below, the newer of the Coliseums as it looked during the Republican convention in 1916. Above, the public hall planned for the lake front at 23rd street, which may house the conventions of 1960 and thereafter.

In 1932, a Republican delegate from Texas went just wild for renomination of Herbert Hoover, and Adm. Richard E. Byrd carried a sign urging the Democrats to choose his brother Harry.

with supporters of the minor candidates and agreed on a plan to unite behind James A. Garfield, a cultured Civil War general with a silver tongue. The Stalwarts held 306 votes for Grant to the last, but Garfield hit the winning total of 399 on the 36th ballot.

As a concession to the Stalwarts, Chester A. Arthur, who had a reputation as a grafter, was slated for vice-president. The Garfield-Arthur ticket won the election with a popular vote margin of 7,000 out of over 9,000,000.

Garfield was assassinated by a demented Stalwart six months after he took office, and Arthur confounded his supporters by running a reform administration. But he alienated the crooks without convincing the pure that he was one of them, and when the Republicans came back to the Exposition building in 1884 his defeat was all but conceded. Blaine was the advance favorite and he won a quick victory.

The convention began routinely enough when Senator Dwight M. Sabin of Minnesota, chairman of the Republican National committee, stepped to the rostrum and uttered these words: "The delegates in the aisle will please be seated." But precedent was shattered a few minutes later when the convention rejected the national committe's choice of a temporary chairman and keynoter, and gave that honor instead to John R. Lynch, a Mississippi Negro.

BOTH PARTIES convened in the same town that year for the first time, the Democrats arriving three weeks after the Republicans had left. The preconvention favorite was Governor Grover Cleveland of New York, who was opposed by the Tammany Hall machine of New York city but warmly supported by Carter Harrison, sr., mayor of Chicago and candidate for governor.

Harrison's position and preference made him the center of a controversy about a neatly executed bit of gallery packing. There was a fire station adjoining the convention hall on the north. On the first day of the assembly a hole was cut in the wall of the Exposition building at a point where it could only be entered by first going through the fire house. Harrison's critics suggested that he arranged the cutting of the hole, had his firemen control access to it and had his policemen take a nonchalant attitude toward reports of its existence. They estimated that at least 2,000 Cleveland backers used this method of entering the galleries. Mayor Harrison told a different story. He estimated the influx at about a dozen and attributed creation of the hole to "Chicago enterprise."

The crowd that gathered outside the building on the opening day of the convention was described in this fashion by the *Tribune*, whose antipathy toward Democrats had already ripened: "a crowd seldom seen in a Christian city unless attracted by a pair of infuriated brutes or a couple of professional prize-fighters. There were dudes, aldermen, gamblers, pugilists, jockeys, professors . . . fortune-tellers, short-haired women and rogues, rascals and tramps of every description."

Cleveland was nominated on the second ballot and went on to become the first Democratic president in 24 years. At the end of his first term, the Democrats made the mistake of holding their convention away from Chicago, while the Republicans came back here and picked a winner in the partially completed Auditorium.

This was a wide open convention, Blaine having announced that he did not wish to run again. Aspirants for the nomination included a Senator from New York with the unlikely name of Chauncey Depew; John Sherman, who had been Hayes' secretary of the treasury; Senator Benjamin Harrison of Indiana, and Walter Q. Gresham, a native, strangely enough, of Harrison county, Indiana, who had held two cabinet posts under Arthur.

Gresham had a strong labor following and a parade in his behalf found the marchers carrying shovels over their shoulders and lunch buckets in their left hands while singing:

"Oh we are the tin pail brigade,
For Walter Q. Gresham arrayed.
The hero who fights
For the homes and the rights
Of the men of the tin pail brigade."

Sherman started off in first place, with Harrison fifth, but Harrison took the lead on the seventh ballot and won on the eighth. Gresham never got very far at the convention, but later on he switched parties and turned up as secretary of state for Cleveland.

Harrison went on to win the favor

of the electoral college in 1888, though he trailed in popular vote by nearly 100,000. He then borrowed Cleveland's error and saw fit to be nominated in Minneapolis in 1892, while Cleveland came back to Chicago and launched another successful bid for the presidency.

The Democrats didn't choose to meet in the Auditorium in 1892, possibly because the alternative they picked was cheaper. They built another shelter on the lakefront, between Madison and Washington, in a period of eight days at an expenditure of about $6,000. Lacking a name other than convention hall, it was also referred to as the Wigwam.

It became the center of a dispute when the city council, although controlled by Democrats, was refused tickets to the convention. The irate aldermen threatened to revoke the permit they had granted for construction of the building, and their wrath was not abated when the sergeant-at-arms of the convention sent each of them a ticket—to an amateur boxing match in a South Side armory.

Cleveland was nominated on the first ballot, with Adlai Stevenson of Illinois for vice-president. In the fall they not only won, but the Democrats captured both houses of Congress, giving them complete control of the government for the first time since before the Civil War.

THE DEMOCRATS returned again in 1896 and held what was probably the most dramatic convention in history. They met in the first Coliseum, which had been built at 63rd and Harper for the Columbian Exposition three years before. Though the building had a short life, being destroyed by fire on Christmas Day in 1897, it became a historic site when it reverberated to William Jennings Bryan's spellbinding "Cross of Gold" speech.

Use of gold as the primary standard for currency had been blamed by Western liberals for the severe depression of 1893, and the demand for coinage of silver on an equivalent basis became the paramount issue by the time the convention assembled.

Bryan, a young and little known Nebraska Congressman, almost missed the convention entirely. A pro-gold delegation from his state had been accredited by the national committee, but the credentials committee on appeal seated the bimetallists and Bryan. The platform was approved at a session on the afternoon of July 9, with a bimetallist plank being adopted after a vigorous debate.

It was during that controversy that Bryan took the platform with results described this way by the *Daily News:* "When Bryan's words: 'You shall not crucify mankind upon the cross of gold' rang out over the throng there was a pause, a break of the smallest fraction of a second. The orator turned and made ready to leave the stand. Then from the rearmost wall to the speaker's stand, from end to end of the gigantic hall, came like one great burst of artillery the answer of the convention: 'You shall not crucify mankind upon the cross of gold.' Roar upon roar, crash upon crash of fierce delirious applause."

Bryan had hardly sat down before delegations began discussing his previously unmentioned presidential possibilities. He won on the fifth ballot and thus became the only native of Illinois ever nominated for the presidency.

For vice-president the party expeditiously chose some other guy. (For the record, his name was Arthur Sewall and his highest public office that of alderman in Bath, Maine).

After Bryan had been defeated by William McKinley in 1896 and again in 1900, McKinley was assassinated. Theodore Roosevelt became president and for the first time in 40 years the country was substantially united behind its chief executive.

Roosevelt's renomination was conceded before the Republicans began their 1904 convention in the new Coliseum, which had been erected four years earlier at 15th and Wabash. This assembly was the least eventful one held in Chicago to that time.

There were a large number of empty seats in the galleries as Roosevelt was slated for president and Senator Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana for vice-president, both unanimously on the first ballot.

After the ball: workmen sweep the main aisle at the International Amphitheater following the last Democratic convention.

Roosevelt wished to be succeeded by William Howard Taft, his secretary of war, and the convention that met in the Coliseum in 1908 ratified that choice—after an hour-long demonstration and abortive draft movement had followed the first mention of Roosevelt's name.

Alice Longworth, the President's beautiful daughter, came to town for the convention and was left pacing the floor of Central station for an hour before her hosts, the Medill McCormicks, arrived to pick her up in their electric car. The Young Republicans of Pittsburgh paraded down Jackson boulevard wearing dark suits and manipulating varicolored umbrellas in a military drill routine.

In 1912 Roosevelt decided that he wanted to succeed Taft, and that ended the era of good feeling that had pervaded the last two gatherings.

The credentials committee was plagued by contests for delegates' seats, one of which ended in a fist fight between rival would-be representatives from Oklahoma.

Roosevelt invited the delegates to a mass meeting in the Auditorium on the night before the convention opened. As the first session began there was a feeling of tension and impending conflict in the Coliseum. Nerves were not soothed when a large gray cat ascended the platform, got stepped on by the sergeant-at-arms and emitted a piercing yowl that almost caused a panic.

Bryan covered the convention as a member of the press, and was repeatedly kidded about his alleged intention of producing a sequel to the Cross of Gold speech that would unite the delegates behind him.

The balloting produced partisan roaring and a quick victory for Taft, whereupon the Roosevelt men bolted and issued a call for a convention of their own in the same place six weeks later.

The Bull Moose party was born in an atmosphere of wild enthusiasm. Medill McCormick was chairman of its state committee for Illinois, and Jane Addams and Charles E. Merriam among its leading supporters. Teddy Bears outnumbered Bull Meese as party symbols on the convention floor.

Roosevelt was nominated by acclamation and went on to poll more votes than Taft but not as many as Woodrow Wilson.

Senator Warren Gamaliel Harding keynoted the 1916 Republican convention at the Coliseum with a plea for a return to unity, rather than normalcy. His wish was answered when Roosevelt declined the nomination offered him by the Progressives who met concurrently at the Audi-

torium. The Republicans united behind Justice Charles Evans Hughes, but a slim majority of the voters united behind President Wilson.

Harding turned up again when the Republicans held their fifth consecutive Coliseum convention in 1920, this time as a dark horse candidate for the presidency. Bryan also came to town, and addressed a Prohibition meeting attended by hundreds of the delegates at the La Salle hotel. Old Chauncey Depew was also on hand. He had been attending Republican conventions since 1864, and drew vigorous applause for making a short speech and for living to be 87.

The balloting quickly produced a deadlock between Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois and General Leonard Wood. Harding was finally chosen as a compromise candidate, and Calvin Coolidge was made his running mate, succeeding to the presidency on Harding's death in 1923.

BOTH PARTIES kept their conventions out of town throughout the 20s, possibly fearing the forcible nomination of Al Capone if they ventured in.

They returned together in 1932 and found a new convention hall available in the Chicago Stadium.

The Republicans were ruffled briefly when a group of Communists began a march on the Stadium, but the procession was halted by police at Monroe and Honore, and the renomination of Herbert Hoover went forward smoothly.

Advocates of Repeal carried near beer around the convention floor in buckets, offering drinks to all comers.

Big Bill Thompson, recently expelled from the mayoralty, refused to vote with the overwhelming majority and held out nostalgically for the recall of Coolidge.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, governor of New York, and Alfred E. Smith, his predecessor in that post, deadlocked for the Democratic nomination on the first three ballots. Then William Gibbs McAdoo of California took a hand. He and Smith had been deadlocked for a record 103 ballots at the Democratic convention in New York in 1924. Now he swung his state to Roosevelt, who was nominated on the fourth ballot.

The delegates named John Garner of Texas, speaker of the House, for the vice-presidency, then sat back and waited for FDR to fly in and give his acceptance speech. While they were waiting Senator Huey Long of Louisiana grabbed the microphone and began an interminable tirade on a variety of subjects, one of which was women. "My, my," he announced at one point, "some of these women are lovely. Some shouldn't be in politics. Yeah, some of them are pretty hard to look at. Hey, look at that fat one down there in the one, two, no, the fourth row. Hey, everybody, look! She's as fat as a pig. Hey, lady, if you were married to me you would have to do some road work and boil off about 80 pounds of that heft."

As a crowd collected in front of the Congress hotel to welcome Roosevelt, Smith slipped out the side entrance and went to the La Salle street station, where he paced the floor of the train shed for an hour, waiting for the Twentieth Century Limited to take him back to New York.

Roosevelt went to the Stadium and accepted the nomination, describing his program for the first time as a "New Deal."

Two presidents had sought third term nominations; both had tried it in Chicago, and both had failed—but the third time it was easy.

That was in 1940, and Mayor Edward J. Kelly made a few special arrangements just to make sure nothing went wrong. On the first night of the convention he acted as cheerleader, from his position on the platform, keeping time as the crowd of 30,000 chanted "We want Roosevelt." The next day he sent Thomas D. Garry, then as now head of the city sewer department, to a secret room in the basement that had been equipped with a powerful microphone. Garry spent the next session voicing the sentiments of various segments of the population over his private network that outblasted every other noise in the hall: "New York wants Roosevelt; Pennsylvania wants Roosevelt; labor wants Roosevelt; we all want Roosevelt. . . ."

The Republican press eagerly dubbed Garry "The Voice from the Sewer," but he was undisturbed and willingly recreated the scene of his triumph for photographers.

Nobody knew officially that Roosevelt would accept a third term, but nobody doubted it very much either. Kelly had flown to Washington to see him a few days before the convention opened. When he got back, the mayor, who sometimes carried a "magic spike" in his pocket to ward off illness, announced that Roosevelt hadn't told him his decision, but he had read the President's mind and decided he would run again.

Kelly's clairvoyance was soon confirmed, Garner was evicted from the vice-presidential spot and Henry Wallace was put in his place.

The 1944 conventions, both held in the Stadium, yielded interest to the war and were run off quickly to their foregone conclusions. The Republicans moved into the West Side hall shortly after a circus had departed and not taken all of its odor along. Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York was nominated on the first ballot, receiving every vote but that of a Wisconsin delegate who held out for Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

Shortly before the Democrats met to approve FDR's fourth-term candidacy, Lord Beaverbrook, the British newspaper magnate, published an article on local vice, strongly blaming Mayor Kelly for its existence. Col. Robert R. McCormick, an old friend of the mayor's from their sanitary district days, sprang to his defense with a cable to Beaverbrook. He informed the Briton that Kelly was a man of "impeccable personal morality" and added, "You have mortally offended this man upon whom you must depend for the fourth nomination of Roosevelt." When that nomination came it was accompanied by the dumping of Wallace and slating of Harry Truman for vice-president.

A fixture at all of the Stadium conventions was "Billy Goat" Sianis, proprietor of the Billy Goat Inn, across Madison street from the hall and adjacent to the headquarters of the 28th Ward Regular Democratic organization. Sianis, who is fond of playing tricks on his customers, used to transport some of his gags across the street. Once he read that Senator Paul Douglas had misplaced his shoes while riding a train, whereupon he tried to gain admittance to a rally at the Stadium in order to present the Senator with an entire barrel of old shoes.

Sianis, a loyal Democrat, used to place signs reading "No Republicans allowed" in his windows while the GOP was convening. It must have been hard for the Democrats to pull themselves away from the Stadium and Sianis, but that's what they did when the International Amphitheater put in air-conditioning in 1952—and the Republicans followed suit.

The last Democratic convention will be remembered for the dramatic Stevenson draft movement, the battle over the loyalty pledge on civil rights and Senator Douglas' shaking the Illinois standard in Sam Rayburn's face to get the floor. Its Republican counterpart gave the nation Eisenhower and Marcelino Romani, the Puerto Rican delegate who amused a nation not so much by what he said as by how he said it.

No matter who wins the main event at the Amphitheater this month it's safe to assume that there will be further durable contributions to American political folklore.

Before the Prudential building.

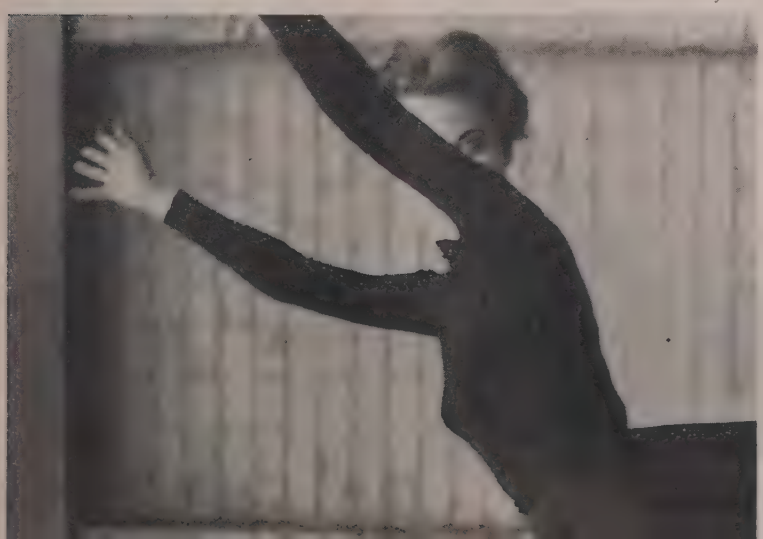
the

DANCE

with an urban backdrop

A couple of years ago John Pownall took a modern dancer along the rockbound coast of his native Maine; he told her to dance what she felt and took pictures of the results. A couple of months ago Pownall, now a student at the Institute of Design, performed the same experiment in the brickbound city with Claudia Burgess, a redheaded dancer, singer and tympanist. The results may or may not carry a message, but they include some intriguing photographs.

In a Near North Side school yard.



Cabrini housing project.

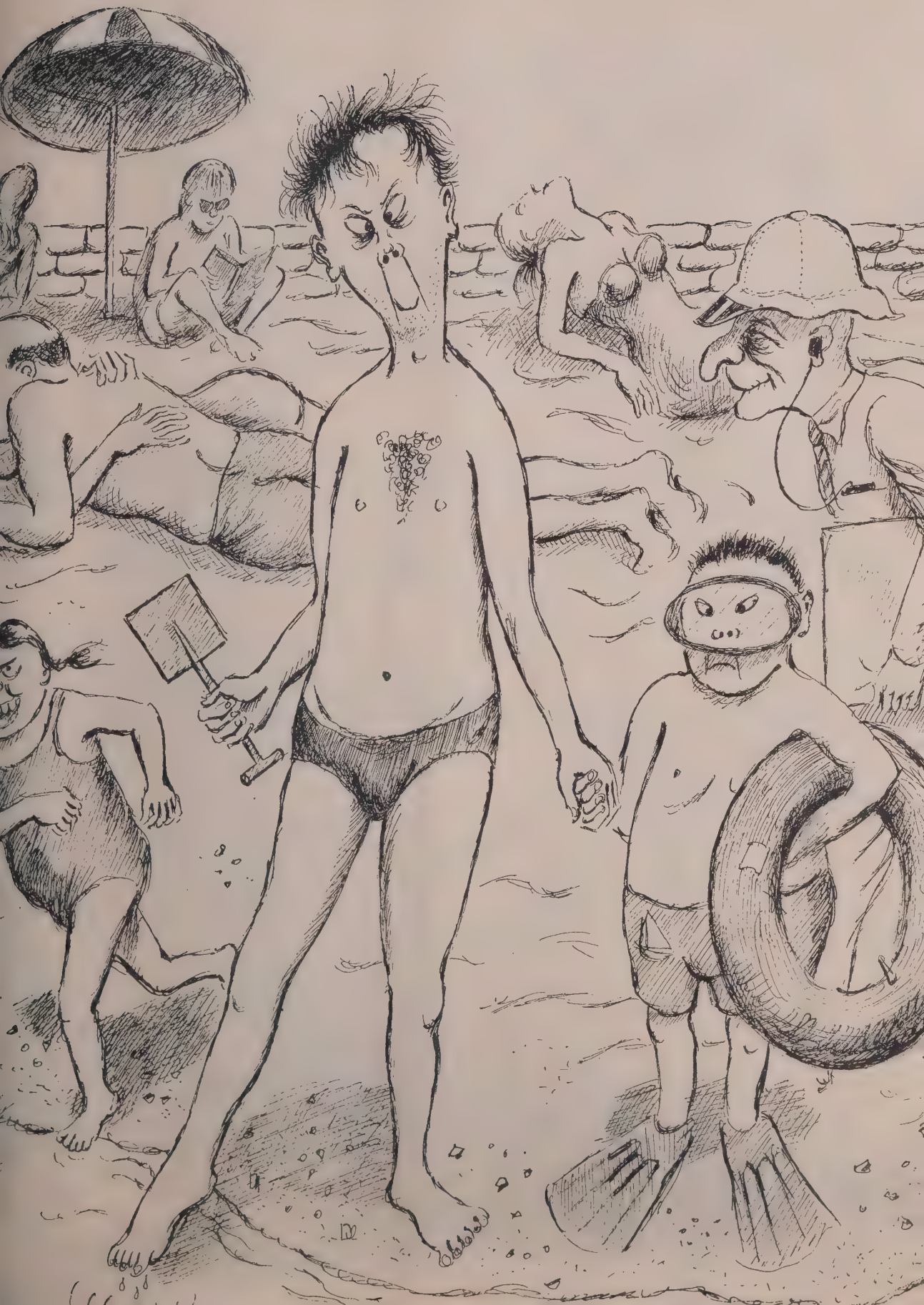
Oak street beach.

The Silver Frolics.

Back at the school yard.

Canalport avenue.

agog at the beach with Mog



and even more agog

HE CHICAGO COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS HAS JUST NAMED FREDERICK KUH OF HE SUN-TIMES WASHINGTON BUREAU TO ECEIVE ITS HIGHEST AWARD FOR HIS OUTTANDING CONTRIBUTION TO BETTER WORLD NDERSTANDING DURING 1955.

IS CITATION READS IN PART: "YOUR PERCEPTIVE, DAY-BY-DAY REPORTING OF THE DIPLOMATIC BEAT IN WASHINGTON, YOUR CONSISTENTLY HIGH-LEVEL INTERPRETATION OF DEVELOPMENTS IN UNITED STATES FORIGN POLICY, AND YOUR ABILITY TO MAKE COMPLEX INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS EASILY NDERSTANDABLE, WERE ADJUDGED TO BE N OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT IN IMPROVNG WORLD UNDERSTANDING IN THIS AREA."

THE STAFF OF THE CHICAGO SUN-TIMES IS PROUD OF THE LATEST MAJOR AWARD PRESENTED TO FREDERICK KUH. WE ARE ESPECIALLY PROUD OF THE FACT THAT THIS AWARD WAS BESTOWED FOR HIS CONTRIBUTION TOWARD WORLD UNDERSTANDING—A FACTOR VITAL TO THE EASING OF DANGEROUS WORLD TENSIONS.

BECAUSE OF KUH'S UNEXCELLED KNOWLEDGE OF WORLD AFFAIRS, YOU ARE KEPT INFORMED ON ISSUES THAT ARE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE TO ALL AMERICANS. THUS INFORMED, YOU CAN RAISE YOUR VOICE FOR ACTION IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF YOURSELF, YOUR FAMILY, AND YOUR NATION.

THIS SUN-TIMESMAN HELPS TO MAKE YOUR WORLD SAFER!

FREDERICK KUH

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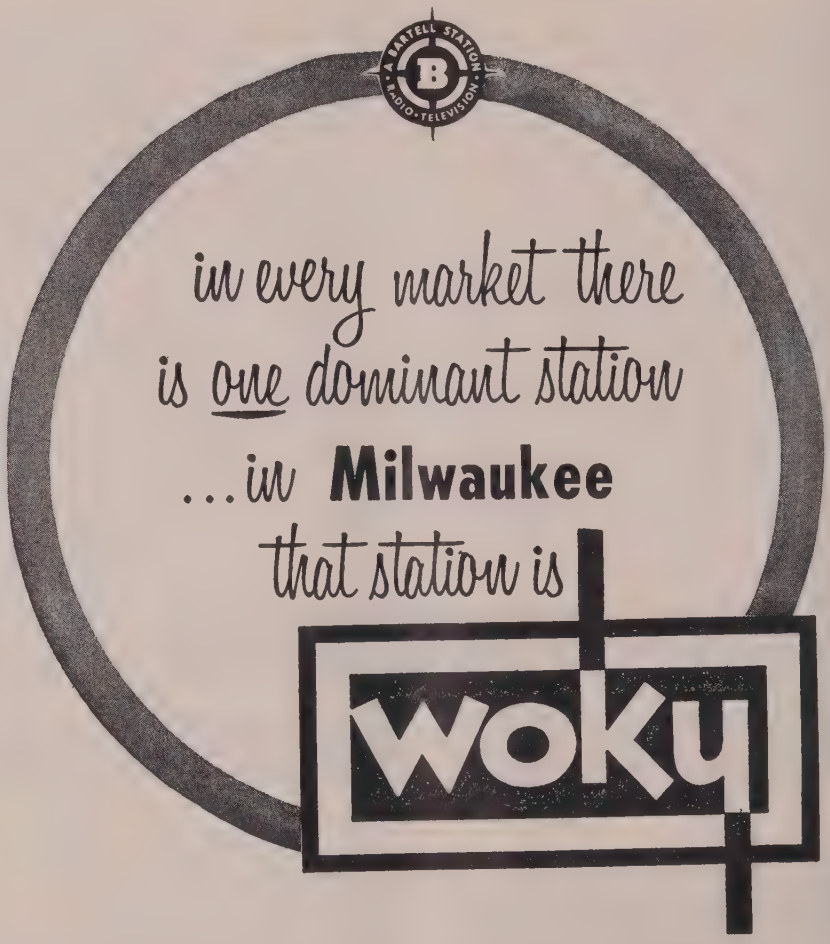
FOLLOW KUH'S DISPATCHES REGULARLY IN

THE CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

THE **NEWS**PAPER OF THE **NEW** CHICAGO



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Her hair was pulled so tight across her head before it spilled down her back; the little bunch of green dime store roses were fixed so cute under the turn of the tail. Red knew she didn't blow spit bubbles, alone or not.

the GAME

a story by Anne Marie Allison

Danny's bar," screamed the red satin letters. They were sewed with overlapping stitches to the electric blue jersey that clung to Red's back.

Danny's Bar wasn't sponsoring the team. The letters were a kind of joke, mostly a joke on Red, since he was the one who made the deal with Dan O'Brien. O'Brien promised to pay for the jerseys and caps, but after they were ordered and paid for by the players themselves, Danny "forgot" to reimburse them for a long time, and now insisted he never said anything about paying. Some of the fellows were still mad. Larry Connell got his mother to take off the red letters, but they all agreed it wasn't worth it. Connell's blue shirt was marked where the stitches had been. And sponsored or not, the shiny letters made the team look more professional.

"Without them letters we're just a bunch knocking a few balls in a lot. Nothing," Red announced one day. He listened to mumbles and grunts, yeah's and uh huh's, and knew he spoke for them all. He was secretly relieved. His mother was dead and he didn't know a doll well enough to ask her to do the letters like Connell's mother had.

Now the team was sitting on the unpainted benches waiting to go to bat. A couple of the guys sprawled on straggly grass; Red's brother Lou was up; Red was eating an ice cream he bought from a punk with a push-cart. As it melted in his mouth, he tasted the thick sugary goo. He didn't want to swallow; he didn't exactly want to spit. Red wanted to blow bubbles with the warm sweet saliva. Looking around he realized he couldn't, not with all the guys and people watching.

Funny, Red thought, some things like picking your nose and blowing bubbles you do alone but never out in front of people. He wondered if everyone did it alone. Maybe they all blow spit bubbles and pick their noses at home; maybe the whole Lowport neighborhood, maybe the whole city of Chicago. Red laughed out loud. He thought of the whole world —Louie "No Hit" Johnson, movie stars, the queen of England—alone in their bedrooms picking their noses.

He was just tasting the first of the butter pecan through the bottom licks of chocolate when he turned to the

illustrated by Jean Berwick

left and saw her. Suddenly Red remembered his sticky jersey; he looked down at the dusty bucks; he wondered if his face was dirty. Raising his right arm he rubbed his forehead down the clean underside from the elbow to the wrist. Red knew she was Connell's sister, but he never really thought he'd see her at one of the games. Some of the guys had sisters who hung around, but they were older or they were going with one of the team. Still he always hoped in the back of his thinking that she'd come someday. He just never expected it to be today.

Red imagined what it would be like when she came, but never admitted to himself what he was thinking. Far back on a remote layer of thinking he said things to her.

Some hit, or in case she didn't like baseball, *it's a nice day.* But at the same time on a next higher plane he was saying *she'll probably never come,* or *maybe she goes steady.*

Farther up on the thinking levels he was saying he didn't care if she came or not. On that same layer, he was worrying what would happen, what would his brother and Connell and the guys on the team say if they knew that Connell's sister was so tangled up in his thoughts.

He worried; someday he might forget, might ask out loud, "Where's the kid sister, Connell?" It could happen. Sometimes when Red was in church he wanted to yell out.

Once he wondered what would happen if he screamed, "This stinks." Maybe he couldn't stop himself some day and would really do it. Red pondered all these things simultaneously on his several planes of thinking that were like the levels on the bleachers at Perkins field, not really on top of one another but each one a little back and farther away than the one before.

He turned his white freckled face that never did get brown in the summer like most of the fellas' and glanced slowly at her, so she wouldn't know he was looking. He knew how to handle broads; it wasn't like he was a kid or anything. He had been to parties at the Lowport SAC with his brother and had necked in as many shows as anybody.

Red saw she was coming over to the empty bench next to him. He looked to the plate and saw his brother still up. Red shook inside so hard he wondered if he was shaking on the outside, too. He looked at his hands, big hands, wise in the ways of chopped channeled Mercs, and wise in the ways of the balcony at the South End. Lou seemed to be at bat forever. Red felt he had been sitting there thinking a year since he saw her, and about ten years since he knew she was coming over to the bench.

She wore a horse tail, or pony tail, like lots of girls in the summer. The hair was pulled up and over her head to a place right at the top of the back and was held tightly there in a rubber band. The tail part was long, and twisted a few times as it passed her shoulder, turning up right at the end like it had a lot of nerve. In the front one little curl was cut short just one side of the center part and hung about halfway down the forehead, just waiting to be touched or pulled. Or kissed. She sat down.

Red crumbled what was left of the cone, making a crunching noise, threw it under the bench like he didn't care about anything. Lou connected with the good plop of wood against stuffed leather and everybody on the benches stood up. Punks yelled. Some of the guys were making noise. She was standing up, too, and he noticed the two little points under the white lacy blouse that made a circle around her shoulders, kind of half on and half off.

He saw her neck start up out of her collar bones and was amazed. He looked back at the little points. Then everybody sat down and she turned, feeling his eyes on her. Red looked away quickly.

Funny, looking at that on her. It wasn't new to think about that. Everybody does. Well, Red philosophized, they all got it. He remembered the movie they had at the neighborhood Social and Athletic one night. All the guys came and they waited around for the men who had the movie to show. When they came they were oldish, about forty, with glasses, and one wore a checkered vest. They both said v for w, ven for when. Red remembered laughing. He didn't laugh when Lou told him later how much the Lowport SAC had to pay those two dads for the pictures.

He was lucky they let a kid, well a younger guy, like him into a show like that. Especially since he wasn't old enough to join yet and didn't pay dues or anything, and the money came out of the club treasury. He recalled how they'd locked the door and sat there in the darkness, hearing diesels going by, little kids playing out on the street, their mothers yelling, "Ooooo Ed-deeeeee," or "Bil-leeeee." They listened to the two glasses boys while they poked around with the projector. It got very hot in the closed room. The one in the vest said, "Vill von of you nice boys make on the light? Ve got to fix."

Red couldn't forget how everybody looked when the lights went on. A few of the older guys had already seen some of the movies and were chortling in a loud-quiet way, but everyone else seemed embarrassed. Red knew they were embarrassed because they were all breaking their necks to look calm.

The vest spoke: "Hoke doke, boys make out the lights." Connell flipped the switch and Red was glad it was dark. At first the music blared so loud he was sure it could be heard in the Greek ice cream parlor next door. It blasted and was subdued to an inaudible murmur three times; then the glasses boys straightened it out and the picture started. There were two girls and a man in the snow. Red felt sweaty and well, different, than he

ever felt before. He listened to the music and the sound of somebody opening a can of beer.

A voice said, "Wow!"

Another replied, "Ah, it ain't nothin'."

"Yeah, nothin'," it was one of the oldest guys, "It's corny."

"Vait, vait, boys. Ve got lots more." When the first part was over, the lights went on while the men changed reels. The second show was more, well, more than the first, but Red remembered the first.

NOW HE SAW the two little points under the white stuff and remembered the show again, the two girls and the man; he was glad and felt funny and hated himself all at once. He knew when he thought about her he was thinking about all that, but she was different. Not like the movies at the SAC. She was like Ava Gardner, only nice like Doris Day, in a white dress walking down a wide carpeted staircase in a big theater in the Loop. One with a pond and white swans and everything. She was the same thing as the show the vest sold the club, at the bottom of it all, but she was it in a good beautiful way. Red looked at her and she looked back at him.

"Hiya."

"Hiya," she answered.

"You Connell's sis?"

"Yeah." Her lips were an unbelievable red-purple-almost-blue. Because the lipstick was up and over the ends of the lips, it made her mouth seem kind of square when she talked. Red decided he didn't know how girls liked their mouths; it was okay with him if she wanted it like that. He liked it.

"Like an ice cream?" She would like an ice cream. Red yelled, "Hey you, kid," at the character with the pushcart. But then he was sorry for yelling, because the whole team looked around at him, mad.

When he saw who was up to bat now with Lou on base, he knew it was an important time for the team. Red realized he hadn't even watched the game, hadn't even cared. Taking the cone, she opened the bow topped, square sided little purple mouth and put it around the drippy white peak. He remembered the sweet taste from his own cone, and wondered what it was like in her mouth. The sweet and warm bubble feeling?

My god, I'd like to taste her just once. When Red last thought of the sweet ice cream taste, he'd been thinking about the spit bubbles and picking noses. He knew he had been wrong.

Everybody wasn't the same. Her hair was pulled so tight across her head before it spilled down her back; the little bunch of green dime store roses were fixed so cute under the turn of the tail; the little points made the white blouse stick out in such a nice, such a good little way. Red knew she didn't blow spit bubbles, alone or not. He thought of her alone, taking off the white thing slowly. He wondered if it went up or down.

She said, "Gee, thanks, cat." He wanted to apologize for having thought of her without the white blouse, wanted to take her away, kill anybody who looked under the blouse, keep her away from all the dirty squares with ice cream carts, from all the SAC's and their beer parties, from Lowport. He knew there were real good things someplace.

Red knew suddenly what good meant; not knocking one over the fence with the bases loaded, not getting a real soft touch at the start of a long Saturday double feature with Superman, coming attractions, news, and five cartoons, not even sitting in a Caddie convert down at the garage. Red understood "good," but he couldn't think of anything he already

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knew, that could tell how good he knew she was.

He looked over at the game. The team was really walking over the crumbs from Avon park. He was glad, not because he cared one damn for the team anymore, but because he could sit here on the bench next to her. It didn't matter now that Red quit Brighton high after the middle of sophomore year, that he was just hanging around the garage, doing a little simonizing, changing a tire now and then, waiting to go to the army.

The way the lineup stood, Red knew he was up after one more man. In a few minutes he would have to go, face the pitcher, and make the dash around bases. There were two men out, so if somebody flubbed now he'd go right out to his second base, and those apes from Avon park would be sitting here on the bench with her. Hot from a long tense game, he roasted in the airless broiler of the afternoon, and now he felt a new intense heat kindle within. He knew he was going to ask her; he wouldn't be able to stop himself. She was not a necking-in-the-balcony-let-her-pay-her-own-way-in girl. Red didn't say love. He had heard the word on juke boxes for years, but never used the term, even in the inside layer of thinking. The moment came, the biggest moment of Red's life.

"Like the crazy cream?"

"Yeah," she said.

"So you and me will have to get together sometime soon for some more or something. Yeah?"

"Yeah." He heard her say it.

With the noise of the crowd, the yelling, and the cars going by and because her voice was so tiny, he wasn't sure if she said, *yeah? says who?* or *yeah, I think you're cool too.* Red kicked the soft brown dust, squinting as he watched the fielders move in. He feigned interest in the game, carefully yawning and stretching his legs in front of him.

"*Yeah!* or *yeah?* didja say?"

She giggled. He was going to repeat the question when the crowd booed in disgust; the team was out and the Lowport men got up to go out on the field. Red stood up. She was still giggling. He felt hotter than ever, ashamed, miserable. Halfway out to second base, he decided there was nothing to feel so low about. She didn't say no. As Red kicked the flat wooden base with the toe of his left shoe, he felt wonderful.

She must have meant yes; if she didn't she would have definitely said no. Red reflected she wasn't old enough or smart enough to be saying *yeah? says who?* to guys like him.

Standing as tall as he could, Red turned to watch the first man up for Avon swing two bats around, warming up. He turned his attention to the bleachers slowly, to be able to turn back to the game if he had to, but mostly so as not to let her know he was looking her way that quick. Red saw Charley Peck, who was already out of the army, and had a '55 Dodge, walk up to her and sit down.

She squished herself over close to him. Red saw Peck put his sloppy mouth on the back of the little white neck, right under the flower place where the tail turned. Peck's hand slipped around her waist, down her back, and pinched. No wonder she never came to the games before.

Red knew he had been wrong about a lot of things. He stooped over and dusted off the base, took some of the brown powder in his hands. The sweat in his palms mixed with the dirt to make a muddy kind of grease.

The other infielders were playing way back. Even if they played close in, even if they saw him, no one would have known. The afternoon sun was fiery, blinding, so bright anyone would have thought his eyes were watering from the glare. ■

the wishing book

a rave revue of the latest Sears Roebuck catalog

by Lisa Redfield Peattie

The new Sears Roebuck catalog has come, and I feel that I am really living again. I love it.

No reading matter matches the Sears catalog, either for solid comfort or for food for thought. It is not one of those books that you want to just dip into, though. It takes a place and time—the bathtub is good, or in bed, with everyone else in the house asleep—when you can really steep yourself in the work. A cup of coffee helps, too, I find. Then I can look the pages over and over, like a cow chewing the same comforting cud.

Partly it is just the mass of the thing. The book makes such a nice secure weight on your stomach as you read, and its contents also induce the same pleasant sense of repletion. These pages parade the whole varied, intricate, enormous stream of western technology. Sears will sell you day-old baby chicks with "bred-in egg laying ability, fast growth, and livability"; a rebuilt transmission for your car; a pony cart and harness; a bee-handling set; a shoe re-soling kit; a septic tank; a pair of water skis; haymow lights ("dustproof"); a four-harness loom; an electric foot massager; a cuckoo clock from the Black Forest; rose-printed baby diapers; a "surcingle-type milker" including "pulsator, teat cups, tubing, pulsator oil, brushes and instructions"; a bike rider's plastic crash helmet; a geiger counter; sheepskin covers for golf clubs; a hi-fi recording by Lizzie Miles; an electric curling iron "to curl hair or to seal wax food bags," and a lamp with a shade which revolves to give a "realistic effect to colorful photographic picture of a burning forest."

I once read an account of one of

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Foolish question? No, serious. And it makes sense when you put it in context. We Payntar people answer many questions like it. You see, we believe so firmly in advertising that we practice it ourselves. And our ads draw inquiries like this:

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A: Depends on the type of business. But generally, if you have a budget of $400 per month or more, it pays to use Payntar Advertising Agency. (Many agencies can't afford to handle an account of this size. We can because a suburban location and unique organization have kept our overhead down in spite of rapid expansion.)

Q: Isn't the cost of an agency too great for really small advertisers?

A: There should be no extra cost! It is up to the agency to stay within the budget and make it produce maximum sales.

Q: How can I tell whether you or any other agency will get better results for my advertising dollars?

A: Ask for names of clients with budgets and needs about like your own. Then talk with these clients. They'll be glad to tell you what they think of the agency's ability. If it *has* ability, don't worry about size. A good agency has a reputation to protect — it won't accept your account if it can't give you full and complete service.

If you have questions or problems of your own, write or phone. We'll be glad to discuss them confidentially and without obligation.

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the primitive tribes of Australia who had, in all their cultural equipment, only five material objects—a spear, a spear-thrower, a pointed stick for digging out grubs, a stone knife—and a bark dish. They wore no clothes; they roasted their game whole in the fire; and on long journeys across the baking desert they traveled in the cool night and buried themselves in the sand up to the waist during the day to conserve body moisture. How the evolution of human culture has transformed the life of man.

SEARS SHOWS US a world in which we go through life surrounded by material objects, from our first baby gowns with "smooth, non-irritating, flat-locked seams" and baby bath with "all-aluminum top and a soft cushiony Tufflex-filled pad" to the last folding wheel chair for the arthritic patient and the last bottle of geriatric vitamin capsules "helpful in fighting that feeling of 'growing old'." We, like the Austrialian Bushmen, still come into the world naked of possessions, and must still come at last to that end where we must leave them behind. Gravestones are not listed in the Sears catalog, but yes, Sears sells them; write to the personal service department.

There is something splendid in this flowering of technology—1300 pages of Things, created by the hopeful and ingenious mind of man. Awnings, deep freezers, carpets, slip covers, chandeliers, garage doors, porch gliders, golf clubs, fishing rods, sewing machines, rosaries, rug yarns, polo shirts, waist whittlers, pencil sharpeners, dental plate brushes and "Christ on Mount Olive handpainted in glowing colors on black cotton velveteen."

Every need has been anticipated; there is even a steel-bladed device for scraping frost from your refrigerator with an "easy-grip plastic handle" and a cup to catch the ice shavings. American technology is wonderful.

The existence of Sears Roebuck is a tribute to the wealth of the United States; spread out in its pages is the great American Standard of Living. It sells to a country where there is a mass market for things which in the rest of the world are luxuries. It is a country in which farmers and factory workers buy television sets, refrigerators, vitamin pills, carpets and pajamas for their children.

When Sears Roebuck started a branch in Brazil, I understand, it at first tried to sell cheaply to the mass market, but soon found that this could not be done. There was no mass market. Now Sears Roebuck, Rio, is a luxury store, with one of the best nightclubs in the city on its roof. It sells to the rich few. The masses were not a mass market because they could not afford to buy.

But in reading the new Sears catalog, it is hard to tell where the mass market leaves off and the luxury market begins. We're getting pretty luxurious all around, I guess. This year Americans will buy from Sears "Aqua-Air lungs" at $119.50 so as to breathe under water and thus reach "into unexplored depths, viewing strange life and weirdly beautiful scenes at the bottom of oceans and lakes."

How about a 22-foot cabin cruiser at $2,250? Or for the more indoorsy types, there are diamond rings, up to $3,210 (2½ carats in a platinum mounting). If you can't extend to $3,210 all at once, Sears will help you get there in short stages; the catalog "guarantees full price paid (exclusive of Federal Excise Tax) on any engagement ring if you desire to trade for a higher priced ring within five years." I keep wondering how people feel about trading in their engagement rings; does the woman with the $3,210 model sometimes look for her first ring in the catalog, and dream about the days when they were poor together?

This year, for the first time, Sears sells pets. A hill mynah bird, "just right for training and teaching to talk," is $49. The cinnamon ringtail monkey "size of cat" is $49.50, and the squirrel monkey which "seldom exceeds 7 in." only $39.95. A Mexican burro ("Their bray is not as loud as dog's bark") costs $67.50, but you must pay three times regular express charges from Corsicana, Texas. Sears will sell by mail order registered pedigreed puppies of 15 breeds, "each carefully crated in a special container that holds both food and water." The toy poodle is cited as "noted for its intelligence," and why not at $195?

Americans in 1956 not only have money to spend; they have energy and they are Doing It Themselves all over the place. They are installing Sears guttering, finishing their bathroom walls with Sears plastic tiling, beautifying their porch, balcony or patio with iron railings and porch columns, as urged by the catalog, learning to give professional haircuts at home with Sears clippers and the Sears book of instructions, rolling their own black-top drives; giving small rooms an air of spaciousness with Sears Mirro-Squares, and building their own family swimming pool with a Sears "Do-It-Yourself Kit" at $899.

The catalog features a welding unit "designed for the person who has no welding experience," but Sears will

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lend you the tools to install your own Sears-model heating system or bathroom plumbing. You can order, through the Sears catalog, "how to do it" books on almost any conceivable topic, from automobile repair and bricklaying through dancing to natural childbirth and a volume on how to "achieve the six basic needs of every person."

Americans are learning to make "expensive looking jewelry" by enamelling on copper; they are stencilling on textiles; they are learning to play the guitar and cello on Sears instruments. From a set of Sears records "you can learn to play the piano without tiresome exercises or technical drudgery" (but what are those "18 big practice charts" included with the set?)

The creativity of "painting by number" sets has always seemed dubious to me, but perhaps after tackling Sears' "King Size" paint-by-number of the Last Supper one might well dare anything, and indeed, the means for making the transition to pure creation is provided in a Sears outfit which leads the buyer easily from a regular paint-by-number, to painting over a pre-sketched outline in his own colors, to a blank canvas.

It is a treble canard to say that Americans are materialistic: the Sears catalog reveals them as romantics of the material, as poets of commodities. What is materialistic about spending $119 on skin-diving equipment so as to view "strange life and weirdly beautiful scenes at the bottom of oceans and lakes"? A materialist would view his automobile as a piece of machinery and a means of transportation; he would hardly lavish on it extra "El Dorado fender fins," "Continental style wheel kits" and "caddy headlight rims."

Farm girls will order Sears yard goods printed with gold and inspired by "the mystery of India." A union suit is a union suit still to Sears, but the "Acapulco Holiday" sports shirts for men are "styled to capture" for any tame suburbanite "the vivid color, unrestrained excitement and lazy casualness of a holiday at Mexico's glamour spot, Acapulco." Even a set of dishes speaks to the housewife of romance or exotic lands—"Capri," "Springtime," "Caribbean," "April in Paris," "Capistrano," "Starfire."

The Sears catalog is more than merely a list of objects for sale. It is a glimpse into a world of limitless possibility, an expression of the American dream. Other books of greater literary excellence no doubt emerge from America in every year, but what of them has a better claim to be an American classic? ■

Put Something Away For A Sunny Day
It's easy to save up to $1000 on our Vacation Club
Here's the simple way to have up to $1000 for next year's vacation, second honeymoon, trip abroad. Save $2 to $40 every two weeks with our Vacation Club. Come in now to our special booth, first floor.
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As we were

75 YEARS AGO. Anton Rubinstein's 5th symphony was given its first American performance by the Theodore Thomas orchestra at the Exposition building in the summer of 1881 . . . French benevolent societies joined in sponsoring the first local celebration of Bastille Day . . . The Stephen A. Douglas monument at the foot of 35th street was finished after 15 years of work . . . President Garfield was shot by Charles Guiteau, who had lived here before 1879 and was remembered as a con artist and public haranguer on his unorthodox religious views . . . The city began keeping all bridges closed between 5:30 and 6:30 p.m., despite the furious protests of river navigators . . . A million-dollar fire destroyed Ricker's packing house near the Stock Yards.

50 YEARS AGO. The last cable-driven street car went down State street in the summer of 1906 and the line was completely converted to electric trams . . . A sturgeon seven and a half feet long weighing 245 pounds was netted by a group of fishermen off Rogers Park beach. It was said to be the largest catch ever made in the southern part of Lake Michigan . . . Alderman George Harding, jr. of the 2nd ward was given a ticket for speeding on Washington boulevard. The arresting officer said he had used a pocket watch to time Harding at 18 seconds for the furlong between Paulina and Ashland . . . A big balloon ascension from White City amusement park at 63rd and South Park ended with a crash near 72nd and Paulina.

25 YEARS AGO. A young salesman who had made the rounds of the speakeasys was arrested in the summer of 1931 for trying to drive into the lobby of the 14 West Elm apartment hotel . . . Municipal Judge Thomas Green sentenced the acting Mexican consul to six months in the county jail for interfering with the trial of one of his countrymen, but relented when the action created an international crisis . . . A park policeman was reprimanded in Town Hall court for applying his night stick to the posterior of a young lady who refused to leave a North Side beach at the specified closing time . . . Thomas "Chicago" O'Brien, a local bricklayer renowned for making large show bets on favorites at race tracks all over the country, died in Saratoga Springs, New York.

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One of the city's famed restaurants is now offering a table d'hote dinner not only moderate in price but lavish and different.
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There was an embarrassing silence that I uncomfortably felt would be shattered once I had left.

a lament by Lynn Wimmer

the CAP

It was a fashion note in a New York theater program that prompted my initial purchase of a cap. At least, it stirred me to action. In truth, my stay in England during the war years and, particularly, two delightful months in Llandudno, a resort city in North Wales where caps were worn by virtually everyone, awakened what must have been a latent interest in them. The fashion note, as I say, touched it all off again — ten years later. And the convenient location of a Brooks Brothers store near the theater completed the cycle. I bought a cap.

I wore my new cap for the first time to the Northwestern-Pittsburgh football game at Dyche stadium. The occasion seemed perfect for a cap. On the one hand, the stadium was near the campus and college grounds are noted for their sartorial permissiveness. Also, Pittsburgh was, after all, in the Near East, and I felt its rooters would be relatively understanding.

My friend, a co-worker from the office, met me at one of the gates. He had the tickets.

"Where in the hell did you get that?" he asked as soon as he saw my cap. He didn't wait for an answer but hurried into the stadium.

"New York," I answered from several yards behind him. "Quite the thing there."

He doubled his pace without saying a word.

We had hardly found our seats and settled comfortably with our blankets and thermos of Scotch when I overheard someone seated behind me pointing out a player.

"See him," the fellow was saying. "Just to the right of the character in the cap."

I winced at the epithet but obligingly leaned sideways a bit so his companion would have a better view.

My friend, meanwhile, began searching out other wearers of caps in the stadium. Those he found were hardly distingué—socially, at any rate. Throughout the remainder of the afternoon when he wasn't watching the game—and I had a nervous suspicion that was a great deal of the time—he spotted three other men with caps and enthusiastically pointed them out to me. Two of them were vendors. The third was on a groundskeeper who sat on a wheelbarrow watching the game from the sidelines.

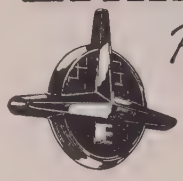
I didn't wear the cap again for almost a week. Then, one Sunday when I was planning a drive along the North Shore to visit some friends, I decided it was warm enough to put the top down on the convertible and to wear the cap. The first idea was a good one; the second wasn't.

When I picked up my date, she took one look at me and quickly edged me into the hall. (I learned later that she didn't want to introduce me to some relatives who were visiting that afternoon). On the way down the stairs, she explained rather crossly that there were two things she couldn't tolerate: cigars and caps. I was glad I had brought my pipe that afternoon.

After her ultimatum, I reluctantly put my cap away and didn't wear it again until almost a month later when I noticed that my regular hat needed a cleaning. Here, indeed, I felt, was a good excuse to wear the cap. I desperately needed the support of a valid reason. I was quickly losing faith in that program note about caps being in fashion.

To say that the cap created a sensa-

Author Wimmer and his cap appear to be under whimsical discussion in slightly posed picture taken on north Michigan avenue. *Don Bronstein photo*

Fechtmeyer's
Evinrude

Pioneers in Quiet Outboard Motors
3939 MILWAUKEE AVENUE
CHICAGO 41, ILLINOIS
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tion at the office is truly an understatement. There have been few attention-getters quite like it. People I never knew worked for us came by to stare at the cap hanging limply on the hall tree. When I went to lunch at noon, more strangers loitered around the exit to stare at the cap hanging limply on my head.

It was just as bad, if not worse, on the street. People's conversations would freeze until I had passed. The shy ones would glance at me and the cap out of the corners of their eyes; the more brazen would gape openly. Persons walking together would nudge one another and nod in my direction.

When I stopped at a neighborhood store to buy some tobacco, the boss and two customers suddenly stopped talking and there was an embarrassing silence that I uncomfortably felt would be shattered once I had left. Meanwhile, they were thoroughly fascinated by the cap and couldn't take their eyes off of it. All in all, the cap was getting one hell of a reception.

To compound my annoyance, the fellows at work began to exploit the situation. For example, our ingenious production manager—aided by a cooperative printer—captioned a page "Guys Who Wear Caps" and assembled a most impressive battery of illustrations from large and small tabloids showing various anti-social elements of the city at grips with the law. Of course, all of them were wearing caps.

Through the mail came a photograph clipped from the rotogravure section of some newspaper which showed an enormous sow with a pert cap resting jauntily on its head—some wag's feeble attempt, I thought, to anthropomorphize the brute at my expense. But then, as I'm suggesting, I was particularly sensitive by this time.

The final insult, though, came a few days later when I wore my cap to my mother's apartment. After all, a man's mother will put up with almost anything. Mine did. She didn't bat an eye, in fact. But when I went to the store for her, I had trouble.

Suddenly remembering that I had promised to call a friend, I went to a telephone near the entrance of the place and was putting a dime in the coin box when I heard the boss call out.

"Hey, buddy," he said, "where's he at?"

I dialed the number before turning around.

"You talking to me?" I then asked.

"Yeah, where's the other driver?"

"What other driver?" I said, getting a bit annoyed.

I heard a rather faint "hello" on the other end of the line.

"Ain't you one of the drivers?" he asked again, this time pointing to a large delivery truck double parked on the street in front of the store.

I jerked the cap off my head and held it up so that he could see the label on the inside.

"Goddammit!" I shouted, "did you ever see a truck driver with a Brooks Brothers cap?"

I slammed the receiver down on the phone and stormed out of the store.

And despite the increasing social acceptance of caps, mine has been in the closet ever since. ■

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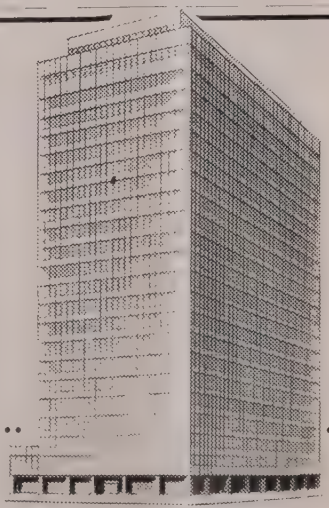
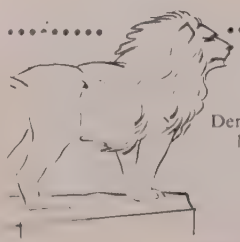
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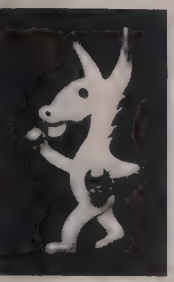
to give or to get

by Marjorie Fullmer

guide to distinctive presents for tourists from Albuquerque and Albany Park



Left to right: gold donkey, Japanese doll, two varieties of costume watches, fly and mask.

One of the joys of traveling lies in the fact that the fun of going is matched by the pleasure of returning home. That sensation is compounded for tourist, family and friends when a member of the first category goes back to the hearth bearing gifts for those in the other two classifications. The statement holds true whether the traveler is an Easterner in for the convention, a small town Iowan vacationing in the city, or a West Side housewife going no farther than the Loop.

The hardest part of gift buying is finding something really distinctive at the right price, a problem which is attacked in the following survey of some of the unexpected items now available around town.

nationality shops

Loaded with unusual gift items, the nationality stores, each with its own distinct vein, are educating, entertaining and full of rewarding surprises for the browsing type.

Toguri's Japanese importers at 28 north Clark, carries native dress not so different from American leisure wear since the Oriental look hit fashions. Fine art is seen in traditional and modern hand painted scrolls on both paper and silk, ranging in price from $3.50 to $500. Opaque white paper lanterns, popular to hang as they are or to electrify, come as long as the cylinders and in fuller-than-round shapes buoyed inside with fine bamboo ribs. Most impressive size, almost 3 bulging five by five, is of a special oiled paper at $75. From this, prices scale down to the tiniest at 25c and a useful home sized 18 inch cylinder at $2.75.

From Yugoslavia at Skorich's, 860 north State, are both Croatian and Serbian records, very gay and "foot stomping" in some of the peasant songs; handmade wood flutes from $2 to $4, and hand-woven wool throw rugs from $5 to $18.

All Mexican imports by Lenord is across State from Skorich's. Outstanding are hand-carved wood figures by Jose Pinal, foremost wood carver of Mexico, who creates just in mahogany for this shop alone in the midwest. Pinal's works range from six to 12 inches high and take such themes as a charging bull and a picador on tip-toe, arms well over head, holding the blades straight down, ready for the precise neck-sinking moment. A long stretched out S-shaped monk, simply done, gives a feeling of great weariness yet a must-go-on spirit. These are about eight and 12 inches at a surprising $4.50 and $8.50.

"Made in Italy" is stamped several blocks away at La Colonna on the second floor at 64 east Walton. Young owners Marcello and Barbara Franchini concentrate with enthusiasm on fashions and accessories. A reversible leather belt has three stripes in two colors on each side at $9.50. A slim silk umbrella with a deer antler and Malacca wood handle which detaches for easy packing is $25.

Farther north, in the Swedish colony centered around Belmont and Clark, is Dalkullan, carrying both Swedish and Finnish imports and featuring fine glass from hobby cups at $3 to etched punch bowls.

An entertaining item is angel chimes in solid brass. With the diameter of a good-sized ash tray and the appearance of a merry-go-round, this is a heat-powered musical device. Four candles make the air rise past fins which rotate a frame and strike little bells. They range from $2.60 for straight chimes to $9 for those that play Silent Night. The decorative angels on top, intended for Christmas, can be replaced by hearts or chickens on other occasions.

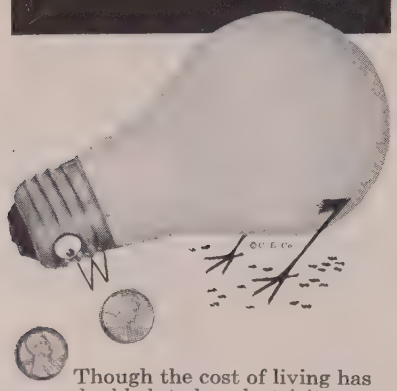
In an international settlement around Harrison and Halsted is one of the larger Greek department stores, Kentrikon. The variety here covers Greek cartoon books at 35c to porcelain plates, vases, urns and jugs that hint at glories of ancient history with classic male and female figures and panoramic scenes of chariots and warriors.

In Hyde Park may be found Hawaiian imports at Hamman's of Honolulu on east 55th street. A favorite gift here is serving bowls carved from monkey pod wood, ranging in price from $4.75 up.

for the home

Gifts for the home suit many ages, tastes and budgets. A salt and pepper mill set of touristy description,

LITTLE BILL says:
"I work for pennies a day—the electric way!"



Though the cost of living has doubled, today electricity actually costs you less per kilowatt-hour than it did 25 years ago. In fact, you get almost *twice* as much electricity for your money as you did back in 1930!

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THE BUDGET CRUISER FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

DE LUXE 22'—For sun-filled fun, and comfortable cruising at budget prices! Completely equipped; 2 full-sized berths with mattresses, marine toilet, icebox, stove, sink with running water, ample storage space—and yours for only

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OUR 50th YEAR

but well done, depicts Chicago symbols like the Water Tower in black on ceramic backgrounds of white, pink, blue or natural wood. The pair, boxed, is $9.95 on Field's second floor.

Carbone earthenware has circular stripes of blue and drab green at Ryan's, 1653 north Wells. Especially attractive is an oversized cup and saucer as big as a softball—ideal for coffee klatchers at $2.95. In small mugs, $1. A carafe is $5.95 and there are several plate sizes. Also here alone are floor-sitting pillows in 22-inch squares of foam rubber with plaid zip covers at $19.50, or custom made in your choice of fabric.

Bunni Sovetski's sculpture at 1718 north Wells has strong carved shapes, mostly modern abstractions of human figures in fine woods like mahogany. "Percussion" stands just under five feet, has body line curved on one side with head and limb lines to the other side in different proportions to each other. The larger lower limb powerfully holds the balled stick suggesting the musical title. All this for $750.

Peacock's jewelry abstracts its door design into a leafy pattern on a whole line of glass in 22 carat gold and black enamel. Design is fired on serving plates, an oblong serving tray, a cocktail set and a range of glasses with eight highballs priced at $7.50.

At Weathered's Gift Corner on north Michigan, brass comes in both traditional and modern pieces from a handsome seven-inch candlestick holder from Denmark at $17.50 to a unique item picked up in Germany. It's a large antique brazier for starting fires and in summer it's inside the fireplace "for show"—at $100. An enormous white pottery salad or spaghetti dish in a wicker basket is large enough to serve twelve people, at $20. Hand-made plates from Italy look like a center round cut of watermelon from red seeded center to white rimmed, green skinned edge, at $2 each. Matching napkins folded to quarter slices are $1 a package.

Bordelon's, 44 east Walton, ranges from "designer name" line, of furniture to peculiarly nasty looking Swedish trolls made of green moss in a set of three at $9, all weirdly playing musical instruments. A saffron colored pottery group has flanged ear handles in a 20-cup coffee urn at $15, a warmer at $4.95, sugar and creamer each under $4 and a four-quart casserole at $7.50.

A one-of-kind dressing table and mirror in an all-over antique mirror finish stands delicately important at Saks' for $550.

For antique collectors, near north Clark street has a plethora of places. Albert's in the 1400 block specializes in French, English and Orienta pieces, while Gene Siegel's selectio across the street is a more genera cross section of rare things. Both o these places, while slanted more t the decorator trade, are open to inter ested browsers. Also in the sam block, Mrs. Taylor's antique specialt is provincial and early American.

for men

To plop a man's hat and coat on a soon as he's home is a Danish coa hanger of teakwood at Bordelon's fo $24. Coordinated accessories appea in a belt and tie set of Madras stripe at $5, north at Frank Ryan's and south at the Domino on east 57th street Also at Ryan's are matched sterling sil ver pieces with unusual wood inlays either Harewood, a grayish tone, o tulip wood, which is pink, in cuf links, tie-tacks, etc., priced $5 up.

"Black Ice" cuff links at Lenard Stern's, 530 north Michigan, is the name given to a mineral importe from Scotland, set in sterling silver at $25. This shop, known for cus tom shirts and neckwear, makes hobby and professional ties, motifs from har ness racing to lawyers—no request received from truck drivers yet.

The very complete sporting goods shop of Von Lengerke & Antoine a 9 north Wabash runs from serious hunting and fishing equipment t swimming pools for children. Inno vation paraphernalia are the Golf-O Matic scorer that keeps a running total if you press a plunger for every stroke taken, at $8; a sports car rally precision timer with one-fifth second stopwatch, recorder for elapsed time up to 12 hours and time-out feature at $45.

for women

Fashion accessories abound in wom en's gifts. For those serious about fabulous jewelry, Juergens & Ander son, 55 east Washington, is especially known for diamonds. Precious jewels in unusual settings, antique and mod ern, are collected in the Jewel Salon o Blums-Vogue.

Impressive looking, smaller priced are five-strand bib necklaces at Field's Import Bazaar. Shiny bumpy paste beads looking like extended Orienta pearls are $10; separate earring match.

Chignon jewelry at Helena Ruben stein's on north Michigan is done i lacy golden frameworks decorate with pearls, rhinestones or ceramic blossoms from $3 up. Across th street at Sak's, exclusively, are day-of the-week birthday charms and pin of solid gold and cultured pearls. The start with "Monday's child is fair o

face," are about ¾ of an inch high; pins $85 to $150, charms, $30 to $65.

A series of costume-piece watches hang from wrist and neck chains, pin on, are embedded charms in a plastic "ice cube" or in a wide gold arm band, and some have colored enamelled faces or pastel suede bands. A thin dangling disc watch on a neck chain is encircled in plastic, then edged with gold, giving a suspended effect. Selling from $6.55 to $17.55 with tax, all have one-jewel movement, some Swiss works, and come with a year's guarantee at Kremer's in the Palmer House Arcade.

For sleeping, the fanciest eye masks in town are handmade at Marion McCarthy's in pink or blue satin, lace edged and embroidered with closed eyes at $5.95, or custom made to order from this shop on east Delaware.

for children

Two remote control items for the mechanically inclined boy aged 6 to 12 are at Miller's, 112 east Superior. A version of walkie-talkie is a separate foot-long bus and box, each with long looped antennas on top. Bus obeys impresses of the one-button box held in the hand, to go left, right, straight ahead and to stop. Speaking into the box isn't really necessary but adds to the feeling of directing and communicating. It's $22.95. Same vein for the same crowd, a remote control helicopter hovers in the air about three feet in front of the operator by a long spring attached to a hand box. The copter operates by turning the handle at a constant speed, sells for $3.95.

For boys and girls from the very young set are stuffed toys that flip a backward somersault if you wind up the key. Flippy the dog is eight plush inches at $7.95 and Bombo the monkey, with "pitcher" ears, wearing a happy gone expression on his rubberized face, is $8.95 at Miller's.

Useful children's items looking more like toys have faces and shapes like people or animals. To make a game of clothes-pickup or to store pajamas on a bed, there are colorful bag figures headed with Mother Goose or an elephant face complete with stuffed felt trunk, at $5.50 and $6.95. At Field's Petite Boutique, both are made in Italy. For little girls, they also have fine straw handbags, again from Italy. Then there are clown- and elephant-face bags with wooden button noses that also serve as fasteners at $3.25, very sheer and feminine straw handbags, and a copy of Mother's umbrella bag in miniature in red plastic with tiny umbrella strapped outside at $4.35.

Dolls have gotten terribly sophisticated all of a sudden. You'll still find baby faces to bring out the mother complex, but the '56 versions run to grown-up types.

Looking most American are two French imported dolls. Go-Go and Chi-Chi are among the creations of Paris couturiere Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli, introduced recently at Saks. They're eight inches tall, of unbreakable plastic with vinyl faces, eyes that open, close, wink and sparkle, and rooted hair that shampoos, combs and resets. They're packed in a box, dressed in one costume at $5 and $6.50.

C'est Peynet, among a group of foam rubber dolls made in France, wears a Bikini bathing suit in gay polka dots with red terry jacket and beach bag at $4.95—at Field's.

Miss America, a doll with several grown-up attributes, is $2.98; separate clothes from $1 to $5, or with several outfits, she's $7.98 at Mandel's —also the home of a 24-inch bridal doll costing $15.99.

And for doll collectors, there are those in traditional costumes at the Japanese and Yugoslavian nationality shops mentioned.

sundry

Donkeys are fitting interest to some August visitors. A 14-carat gold donkey lapel pin standing up with boxing gloves on, an inch and a half tall, is $25 at Peacock's. A more docile donkey pin from Spain of heavy gold plate with black and white enamel is $1.50 at Studio 47 East, at that address on Pearson.

The Forgetter's Kit for travelers, about hand size, contains 31 items from clothes brush and spot remover to Tums and safety pins at $6.95 at Marion McCarthy's. Also there is a "What Is It" conversation piece—a gilded cast iron fly four inches long with colored stones for eyes and hinged wings that lift up from tiny body compartment. Customers decide uses from holding a few stamps or letters on desk to table piece. One woman attached it to her town house entrance as a door knocker. $3.

Solomon drugs, where State, Rush and Cedar streets converge, caters to both political caucuses with elephant and donkey shaped decanters filled with six-year-old Bonded Beam at $5.98. Also at Solomon's is the Handy-Fanette, a portable, battery operated fan less than seven inches high but throwing quite a breeze. Priced at $2.25, it runs three or four hours on two standard flashlight batteries.

Liquor-flavored toothpaste, choice of bourbon, Scotch or rye, is $1.95 at the Palmer House gift shop. ■

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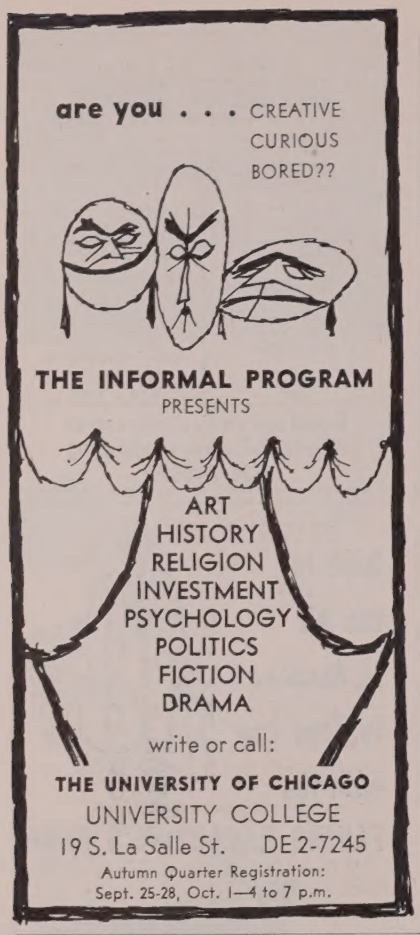

readers & writers

denies royal power

Sir: I have just read the article on Claudia Cassidy written for your June issue by your able Mr. Bernard Asbell. I have not had the pleasure of meeting him, and, by the same token, he has not taken the opportunity to check his source material with me—though my knowledge of what he has written on page 28 of his article might be considered fairly authoritative.

I will not attempt to correct all of the misapprehensions and mistaken deductions which appear, but would like only to make this definite statement: that the officers and trustees of the orchestra, while mindful of the desirability of good public relations as long as they can be maintained compatible with self-respect, have never had their opinions formed, or actions dictated, by any outside source. If judgments and actions have sometimes harmonized with Miss Cassidy's opinion, it is, nevertheless, an unfair and entirely incorrect conclusion to assume that they were reached at her direction, or resulted from consultation with her. Outside dictation, from any source whatever, will continue to be as completely inconceivable to responsible trusteeship, as it has always been.

ERIC OLDBERG,
President, Orchestral association

homage to the queen

Sir: I have read the quite badly written article on Claudia Cassidy. Claudia is what saves us from Eastern garbage and local decadence. To say the least, the article is obfuscatory. The best examples of Claudia's writing are not even mentioned. Her role in making people art conscious is not mentioned either. She is the savior of the arts in Chicago. What is fearful of her has a right to be, such as the sludge that "by-passes us."

Comparatively speaking, the other Chicago art critics are simpletons. Miss Cassidy knows more about art, music and drama than the others put together. Don't slam Claudia! The alternative to her would be the remaining bores.

But I'm sure what your magazine says doesn't count much. Its handful of readers is unimportant. If I had time, I would write you a dirty letter.

M. MELNICK,
Downers Grove

'twas the night before Claudia

Sir: I've got to Confess that your story presents me a Three-Cornered Mess. I went to a Concert and thought it entrancing, and came home that night with my Pulses a-dancing. But the *Tribune* next morning for Breakfast with Flakes informed me my pleasures were Acrid Mistakes. So I called all the friends to whom I'd effused and told them I must have been Greatly Confused. But now in CHICAGO, whose word I abide in, you say that SHE doesn't know nothing from Haydn. I need some advice, if you'd please be so kind. Don't tell me I'll have to make up My Own Mind!

CLEM EASLY

that's pretty good

Sir: It is fabulous! Entertaining, informative and absorbing.

BILL LIND

that's even better

Sir: . . . brilliant journalism and an important contribution to the cultural life of our city.

PAUL FROMM
President, Fromm Music foundation

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contributors

The entire design of this issue was supervised by John J. Reiss, an artist and collector who lives in Milwaukee but makes his influence felt on the East Coast and Abroad.

John Hendry, jr., who took the ice pictures, spends his working hours in the darkroom of a Loop commercial photography studio, and his spare time out on the streets with a camera in his hand.

The father of the modern dance pictures is John Pownall, a red-bearded French Canadian from Maine who is about to become the father of a child.

The flight from the suburbs was made and described by Ralph J. Wood, jr., a University of Chicago alumnus who now sells insurance to the faculty there and others.

The highlights and lowlifes of past conventions were recalled by Alan Whitney, CHICAGO's wizened managing editor and onion cultivator.

Mog, the pseudonym affixed to the jaundiced view of the beach, conceals the identity of a young South Side artist and jazz musician who was spotted by a staff spy at the 57th Street Art Fair in June.

The author of *The Game*, Anne Marie Allison, is a 24-year-old housewife who was born in Oak Park, lives on the Southwest Side, and has never before published anything. She attended the University of Fribourg in Switzerland before marrying an engineer and accompanying him to Northwestern's night school, where she became interested in writing.

Although *The Cap* worn by Lynn Wimmer is not charcoal gray, he works for the Burton Browne advertising agency.

Lynn Wimmer — *Don Bronstein photo*

Marjorie Fullmer, who tells what gifts to buy where, is assistant fashion editor of the *Daily News*.

A civic-minded lawyer who has been head of the Decalogue society, Elmer Gertz (*Arvey: Engineer of the New Machine*) is also the author of a biography of Frank Harris and of a pamphlet entitled *The People vs. the Chicago Tribune*.

Lisa Redfield Peattie (The Wishing Book), is an instructor in the College of the University of Chicago.

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the onion patch

by Alan Whitney

Those members of the audience who are galled by phony names for male movie actors (i.e., those members who have any conception of good taste) may find some satisfaction in the following excerpts from a story on the Cannes Film festival in the London *Daily Sketch:*

". . . It's going to be a great festival. No doubt about that.

"But poor Fess Parker, Walt Disney's Davy Crockett, is a bit unhappy.

"He's had to be rechristened for his arrival.

"In French his Christian name means 'backside.' Even a French audience would not stand that without sniggers.

"So Fess is now known officially here as Fier Parker. *Fier* means 'proud' in French."

THE COMMONWEALTH EDISON company, whose lobby rivals the Museum of Science and Industry for intriguing technological exhibits, recently featured a machine that would play tic tac toe against all comers, and never get worse than a cat's game. That puts the electronic sportsman way out in front of many college-educated human beings. Under the circumstances it seems like an awful waste for such a smart machine to be sitting around on its vacuum tube playing a silly game when it could be upstairs working in the accounting department, or at least out helping with the meter reading chores.

DELEGATES to the Democratic convention may be surprised to find out that this city has not a one-party but a four-party press. All of the papers are Republican, of course, but each in its individual way. The four journalistic parties within a party may be roughly equated with these GOP factions: The Old Guard, the Enlightened Conservatives, the Moderates and the McCarthyites. The comparison refers not so much to their stands on political issues as to their character as newspapers.

The Old Guard *Tribune* sticks to one column headlines and long sentences and stories, and presents no viewpoint that differs from the management's.

The *Daily News* runs Sydney Harris' often enlightening columns on the same page with the conservative, not to say medieval, remarks of Robert Ruark.

The *Sun-Times,* rushing feverishly toward the middle of the road from both sides and often bumping into itself at the white line, carries the work of Red Smith, the nation's only writer of sports, and James Metcalfe, the world's worst poet.

The *American* has a fondness for big type, colored ink and illiterate columnists.

The existence of these classifications is not nearly so interesting as the current movement of both the morning and the afternoon papers toward switching—the former in a political and the latter in a journalistic sense.

Since the death of Colonel McCormick, the *Tribune* has become distinctly less hostile toward such foreign powers as Britain and the Eastern Seaboard; it has said nice things about the Russians as a people, and it has acknowledged that Frank Lausche, though a Democrat, shows signs of belonging to the human race.

The *Sun-Times,* born of a union between two Democratic papers, has become more and more loyal to the White House. In the last election it shocked liberals and independents by opposing the reelection of Congressman Sidney R. Yates, who is widely recognized as one of our highest quality envoys to Capitol Hill in this generation.

The *Tribune* has yet to abandon Senator Bricker and the *Sun-Times* is far from embracing him, but the trend is there.

The musical chairs evolution is much more definite where the evening papers (the ones that come out in the morning) are concerned, than it is with respect to the morning papers (the ones that come in the evening).

The *Daily News* is becoming giddier all the time, while the *American* grows progressively more serious. The classic example of this drift is the (you should pardon the expression) Bridey Murphy case.

The *Daily News* proudly became the first newspaper in the country to give space to a friendly account of this monumental piece of nonsense. The *American* then scored one of the big beats of the year by very painstakingly cutting its rival's feature to bits—and developing a local angle as the maraschino cherry.

The *Tribune* got into the act whimsically as the case was closing, but its neatly written comments took no lustre from the *American's* series; they only made it brighter. One day the *Trib* wanted to know just who Bridey Murphy was, anyway, and the next day the *American* gave the answer.

Signs of the *News'* burgeoning buffoonery are not limited to the editorial department; they may be found among the circulation people, too. There was a time when both the *News* and the *American* were sold outside the baseball parks, with score cards included as an inducement for buying. Now, as the *American* peddlers circulate through the crowd pushing the tie-in sale, representatives of the *News* walk in front of them handing out score cards to all comers and yelling, "The *News* gives 'em away free!"

As in the case of the morning papers, however, there is evidence that a total trade of characteristics will not soon be accomplished between the *American* and the *News.*

The *American* still accuses inanimate forces like tornados of "striking with senseless fury."

The *News'* Tony Weitzel considers it improper for scratch sheet employes to have press cards, though his paper, like the others, runs information corcerning races on which nobody can place a legal bet while he's in metropolitan Chicago.

And the *News* sticks firmly to old principles in insisting that when Judith Anderson made a verbal slip on TV, the word she said was "d—"

AN INFORMANT FROM Roosevelt University reports that on a recent morning somebody came around there passing out free samples of a certain brand of cigaret, and that on that afternoon somebody else came around taking an "impartial survey" as to what flavor everybody was smoking.